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Courage.

Courage, friend, the world is wide
Life is all before thee;
Clouds that hid thy path at dawn,
Break in beauty o'er thee.

Out of evil cometh good—
Joy is born of sorrow;
Griefs that rend the heart to-day
Die in bliss to-morrow.

Nothing on the earth is ours—
All things are of heaven;
As we labor, so to us
Shall the fruit be given.

First the child, and then the man,
Life, and then the story;
First the dark and then the light—
Pain, and then the glory.

"The Widow's Mite."

A widow—she had only one!
A puny and decrepit son;
But, day and night,
Though fretful oft, and weak and small,
A loving child, he was her all—
The widow's mite.

The widow's mite—ay, so sustained,
She battled onward, nor complained,
Though friends were fewer;
And while she toil'd for daily fare,
A little crutch upon the stair
Was music to her

I saw her then—and now I see
That, though resign'd and cheerful, she
Has sorrow'd much;
She has. He gave it tenderly,
Much faith; and, carefully laid by,
A little crutch.

ALONE WITH A MANIAC.

I have been asked by many why I am prematurely gray, and I will relate the thrilling circumstance again, as I have done a hundred times before.

Hair has often turned gray in a night, but mine turned to silver threads in the broad sunlight of noonday, with a thousand upturned faces on the crowded street of a city gazing in wonder and horror at my helpless and fearful situation, all paralyzed by the sight, and none thinking or able to help me. Alone I suffered, and alone I triumphed, but added a half century to the locks that shaded my brow.

I was employed with a Lightning Rod Company, and was ordered to replace the old broken rod of St. Paul's church, in the city of ——, with one of our new patent spirals. That night I told my roommate of my detailed duty for the next day, and I noticed his strange keen eyes light up with some secret pleasure, but I thought nothing of it at the time. What a strange creature he was! an Italian landscape painter, a man of middle age, who had seen some deep sorrows in life, but whose secret I never knew. I only guessed it was some family difficulty, the memory of which at times softened his flashing black eyes, into all the dreaminess of a lover's, and at others filled them with the glance of frenzy, under which he would act so strangely that I thought at those times his reason was partially dethroned. But the cloud of the past would dispel itself, and in the sunlight of the present he would be as genial as ever. He used to show me all his paintings, and took pleasure in my high praise of them; but one he guarded with the most jealous care, and once when I came in unexpectedly upon him, and caught a glimpse of it as he was giving some finishing touches to it, he sprang to his feet, threw the curtain over it, and with a fearful gleam in his eyes, pushed me from the room. I saw that it was the portrait of a beautiful woman—with the dark eyes and hair of Italy, and the soft tinge of her sunlight and genial clime.

He met me in our room that evening as pleasant as ever, and nothing was said of his strange conduct, and so, with me, it was soon forgotten.

Two weeks after, I knocked at the door of his studio, and receiving no answer, I opened the door, and there, as before a shrine, he was kneeling before the portrait, and seemed to be oblivious of my presence. Never before had I seen such an expression of mingled devotion and agony on the human face as his bore; but O, the portrait! I stood spellbound and drank in the ravishing beauty of that sweet face, with the voluptuous smile, and the soft light of love beaming from the eyes in all the animation of a living creature. I turned to leave, when in an instant he sprang forward and grasped me by the throat and dragged me before the portrait, drew out a poniard and raising it high above me, exclaimed:

"Genovia, Genovia, accept this sacrifice of blood," when, as if by a miracle, the curtain fell over the face; and lowering his hand, he said, sadly, "No, no, baseborn wretch, go! Your blood would be an unworthy sacrifice to her; 'twill be some other hour your time will come;" and with a theatrical flourish he pushed me from him, dropped his poniard, and folded his arms in a melancholy manner.

I needed no spur to hasten me away, but got out as quickly as I could, and resolved to change my room at once, which resolve I would have carried into execution, but he met me at the supper-table so genial and kind that I forgave him, and regarded it but as the strange freaks of his love for some one in the past, and I simply resolved not to go into his studio any more.

When the morning arrived for me to go to the church, he requested that he might accompany me, as he wished to study a celebrated painting there, and would remain in the church until I came down. To this I willingly assented, and locking the ponderous door on the inside, I left him below, while I ascended to the topmost window of the spire, and arranged my ropes and pulleys for descending on the outside. A great crowd gathered in the street below to watch my movements, and with some pride that I was the center of attraction, I had lowered myself until the old rod was all detached and cast down, and had drawn myself up within ten feet of the window, when, upon looking up, I saw the Italian at the window, looking down at me with the fearful glare of a maniac in his eyes. He hissed through his clenched teeth:

"Your hour has come. I have sworn that no man should look upon her face and live. I am going to cut you down;" and to my horror, he drew a great carving knife, and began slashing at my rope. He could not sever the rope at one blow, and I saw that my only hope of safety lay in paying out rope so fast, that he could not cut twice at the same place. In this I succeeded, until the cut strands reached the pulley, where, catching for a moment they gave him time for cutting the rope; it was the end I held in my hands, and with fearful rapidity the rope rushed through the pulley, until a broken strand again caught so firmly that it would go no further. I now saw that he would cut the remaining rope, and send me to destruction, two hundred feet below.

A cry of horror came up from the crowd in the street, as they now realized what the strange conduct of the man above me meant. It was an awful moment of suspense, but in that moment I looked for some chance of escape, and found that my only hope lay in catching hold of some foot rods that had been placed from the windows below to the one from which the maniac was again cutting my last rope. These irons were shaped something like a stirrup, and grasping them I ran my left arm through one, with my foot upon another, just as the rope came rattling down, almost jerking me loose with its weight; but I detached it from me, and for a moment breathed free as an encouraging shout came up from the crowd.

O, who can realize the horror of my situation, suspended two hundred feet high upon those slender, rust-eaten irons? I felt myself growing faint, and remembering the sailor's warning, "Look aloft," I glanced upward, when, to make my situation more terrible, the maniac screamed out:

"I am coming down to cut your throat;" and, suiting the action to the word, he climbed out on the foot rods and began to descend with all the assurance that a maniac alone could possess.

A moment more, and taking that great knife from his teeth, he would let out my blood and close my eyes forever in death, hanging there, with my arm through the stirrup. But I thought of a strange thing, and that strange thing saved my life.

I had, hanging upon the hook in my belt, a coil of small rope with a running noose in one end. Now, when I was in Mexico, I became very expert in throwing the lasso, and I determined to lasso the maniac if possible; so, taking the coil, I waited until he was within ten feet of me, and threw it; fortunately, I was successful, and with a desperate jerk I tightened the rope around his neck, and as quick as lightning sent him crashing headforemost two hundred feet below. I heard a sickening thud, and a cry of horror from the crowd, and seemed to remember no more.

How I ever got in at the window I do not remember, myself; I only remember lying on the floor in the spire near the great bell, with the sexton and a crowd around me. They told me my hair was white.

I paid the funeral expenses of the poor Italian. The portrait is mine now, but I never look on its beautiful face without a shudder at the fearful adventure it cost me.

A Hopeful View.

The New York *Daily Graphic* publishes an imaginary conversation between a Wall street "Bull" and a "Bear," which clearly and happily sets forth, dramatic form, the antagonistic views of their respective class upon the probable future of values and prices in this country. It may be summed up as follows:

The "Bear" argues that the cloud of the panic still overshadows the land; that the Western droughts, fires, grasshoppers and chinch-bugs and the South ern floods have tended to diminish the crops and depress commercial activity; that the slight spurt of revived business activity which followed the adjournment of Congress has already died away and a reaction ensued; that the necessities of repayment of the thousand millions of borrowed foreign capital and the interest thereon press heavily upon our people, who are now poor, restricting them from their ordinary expenditures in purchases of goods and in travel; that, consequently, manufactures and railroads suffer, and in sympathy with them all values are and must long remain depressed; that the panic has frightened people from investment in new enterprises, particularly those of a joint-stock character, and that it will be long before it will be practicable to so far re-establish public confidence as to give a healtful impetus to any form of speculation.

The "Bull," on the other hand, takes a much more hopeful view of the future. He claims that there has been direct good resultant from the panic, in diverting individual energies from speculation to production, in enforcing a valuable economy, and in clearing the country of goods and thereby creating an increased demand for manufactures; that notwithstanding all the malign influences mentioned by Mr. Bear the crops of the present year will be twenty per cent. greater than in any preceding year; that this increased harvest will give new life to our railroad and shipping interests, and its profits will afford abundant means for the purchase of manufactures, the stimulation of trade, and investment in new speculative enterprises; that the currency question is so settled as to adapt the supply of our medium of exchange to the demands of business; finally, that we are a nation of bulls, hopeful, volatile, not easily depressed for long and quick to turn ourselves so as to wrench success from the jaws of defeat, hence that the country, with the encouraging crop prospect now before it, is on the eve of a prosperous season of legitimate speculation and healthful inflation which will very speedily wipe out all the sad traces of the panic.

Reviewing these opposing arguments, we are inclined to heartily endorse the judgment of the "Outsider" to whom they are supposed to be addressed, that there has never been a better season for investment, by those who have money, than the present. Prices are low—lower than they should be—and must inevitably speedily appreciate; and, while we cannot fully coincide with the Bull's eager confidence in an almost immediate commercial millennium, we are well satisfied that a very short time must elapse before the song of "hard times" is heard no more and the better time coming at least gives unmistakable signs of its approach.

A Horse Chaunter.

"A fellow being called as a witness in one of the courts, the Judge demanded:

"What is your trade?"

"A horse chaunter, my lord."

"A what?—a horse chaunter? Why what's that?"

"Vy, my lord, ain't you up to that ere trade?"

"I require you to explain yourself."

"Vel, my lord," said he, "I goes round among the livery stables—they all on 'em knows me—and ven I sees a gen'man bargaining for an 'orse, I just steps up like a tectotal stranger and sez I, 'vel, thats a rare 'un, I'll be bound,' ses I, 'he's got the beautifulest 'ead and neck as I ever seed,' ses I; 'only look at 'iz open nostrils—he's got vind like a no-go-motive, I'll be bound; he'll travel a hundred miles a day and never once think on't; them's the kind of legs vat never fails.' Vel, this tickles the gen'man, and he sez to 'imself, 'that ere 'onest countryman's a rare judge of a 'orse;' so, please you, my lord, he buys 'im, and trots off. Vel, then I goes up to the man vat keeps the stable, and I axes 'im, 'vel, vat are you going to stand for that ere chaunt?' and he gives me a sovereign Vel, that's what I call 'orse chaunting my lord; there's rale little 'arm in't there's a good many sorts on us; some chaunts canals, and some chaunts railroads."

A Story about Crows.

A Delaware correspondent writes to a Baltimore paper on the subject of crows as follows: "A novel amusement, which is at present indulged in to a great extent in the upper part of this State is crow-shooting as a substitute for pigeon-matches. The rules and customs are the same in either case. The substitute was made out of a sort of humanitarian notion among the people, as well as to benefit, pecuniarily, residents about Reedy Island, in the Delaware, from whence crows are taken. I have been told that this spot is the favorite roosting-ground of these birds, and that toward nightfall they congregate there by thousands. When darkness overspreads the island, the catchers enter among the low trees with bags, and capture any desired number, simply plucking them from the limbs like so much fruit. The birds cannot fly in the darkness, and, even if shaken from their roosts, they cling to the first object that comes within reach. It is said that a man, standing beneath the tree from which the birds are shaken, with outstretched arms, will soon be covered with them."

BUSINESS PROSPECTS.

What is to be Expected, and What is Hoped For.

In an editorial on "Business Prospects," the New York *Tribune* says:

The condition of England, France and Germany is far from that state of robust health which is necessary to make them good customers and easy creditors of the United States. In England a readjustment of wages and prices has been in progress for nearly a year, and is yet far from being completed. The exports of British manufactures for the first six months of this year are not only less than for the same months in 1873, but less than for the same months in 1872. A trade whose growth has been for half a century the wonder of the world has been for two years either stationary or declining. This is a sign of bad times which cannot be questioned. The same condition of affairs, though perhaps in a less degree, exists in France and Germany. It exists also in the United States, but we fail to see here the energetic struggle which is making in England to adopt wages to her changed situation. We are to have a great crop and lower prices of food all over the world in consequence of the abundant harvests now being gathered. This will unquestionably be of great benefit to Europe, and particularly to Great Britain, and the ball will in the end rebound back to us. But probably two or three years will pass by before the full effect is produced. Perhaps two or three good harvests will be required to produce such a state of prosperity as existed throughout the civilized world in 1872. Meanwhile the immediate consequences of a good harvest in both Europe and America may be productive of inconveniences to our Western farmers, and, conjointly with other circumstances, to the general trade of the country.

The United States are great sellers of grain and provisions in ordinary years. A fall of 25 per cent. in breadstuffs, operates injuriously upon the producers and carriers. It makes them less able to pay their debts, and compels them to restrict their purchases of manufactured goods, and other articles of commerce. The ordinary mortal spends all, or very nearly all, he gets. Only the few save. Whatever, therefore, curtails the money, which has been erroneously said to "fructify" in the pockets of the people, checks the consumption of merchandise, and tends to produce dull times. And it is not only the consumption of merchandise by farmers, and those dependent upon the custom of farmers, which is likely to fall below high-water mark. The price of cotton has been low for nearly a year, and bids fair to continue depressed. Moreover, that great industry, the iron manufacture, still remains prostrate. It seems to us, that the change imperatively demanded, by the present and prospective low prices of all articles consumed by laborers, is a reduction of wages. But wages are not reduced in good times. On the contray, they are advanced in such times. If wages are to be reduced, times must continue to be dull for a while.

Considering, therefore, that the whole commercial world is stimulated and depressed by slow working influences, which, like the sunshine and the air, have no boundaries; remembering that the transitions from pestilence to exhaltation have hitherto usually been provokingly gradual, and believing that many obstacles still exist in both hemispheres to that full working of the industrial machinery which requires every man's labor and supplies every man's rational wants, we cannot join in those cheerful predictions of impending prosperity which, it is said, will overflow the country at or before the time Congress meets. Weeks before the panic, we warned our leaders. It was not a grateful task; but those who heeded us have had reason to be grateful since. It would be far pleasanter now to prophesy smooth things. But our readers look to us for what is true rather than what is pleasant, and have a right to demand that we shall point out the actual situation and prospects rather than what we and they alike should be glad to have them. We expect a revival of business to begin to manifest itself this fall, but we do not expect to plunge at once into the full tide of such apparent prosperity as the country was riding upon in the winter and spring of 1873. "Slow and sure" should be the maxim of business men.

East River Bridge.

On the Brooklyn side, the East river bridge tower has been raised twenty feet since the 11th of June, and it is now altogether 225 feet above high tide, the keystones for the arches having been placed in position. The work of placing the keystones, which weighed 11 tons each, required the utmost care.

Only 17 courses of stone remain to complete the tower, and as the workmen are laying stone above the arches at the rate of about a course a week, it is expected to be completed by the middle of November.

The ordinary blocks of stone employed are of about six tons weight, but the top courses and cornices will require blocks still more massive, and cannot be constructed so rapidly as the main part of the masonry.

When both towers and anchorage are completed, a wire will be carried aross the river, probably by a tug boat. Having got one wire across, the engineers will by this easily draw over the cradle ropes, four stout twisted ropes of steel wire, which will serve as supports for the cradles, or moveable frame-works, on which the workmen will stand while employed between the two towers. From these ropes will also be suspended a wooden and iron foot bridge, to be built in installments, by which the workmen will be able to go from the shore to the ladders leading up to their perches.

An endless wire rope having been stretched across the river, passing around immense drums at each anchorage, the machinery will be worked by a steam engine to stretch across the wires for the bridge cables, by the same principal on which the ropes are worked in a block and fall. In this case, of course, the traveling sheave will run on a horizontal instead of a perpendicular line. Each of the four permanent cables will be sixteen inches in diameter when completed, and will be composed of steel wires laid straight like a bundle of rods. A twisted rope would be insecure, as in that it would be impossible to exert the same tension upon all the wires, and some would prove weaker than others.

A Vindictive Queen.

Henry Carey, cousin of Queen Elizabeth, after having enjoyed her Majesty's favor for several years, lost it in the following manner: As he was walking one day, full of thought in the garden of the palace, under the Queen's window, she perceived him, and said to him in a jocular manner, "What does a man think of when he is thinking of nothing?" "Upon a woman's promise," replied Carey. "Well done, cousin," answered Elizabeth. She retired, but did not forget the answer. Some time after he solicited a peerage, and reminded the Queen that she had promised it to him. "True," she said, "but that was a woman's promise."

THE CORN CROP.

The August Returns of the U. S. Department of Agriculture.

The August returns to the Department of Agriculture from New England, show a general improvement in the corn crop during July, though it is still backward. Maine averages 92 per cent. of a full crop; New Hampshire, 98; Vermont, 97; Massachusetts, 101; Rhode Island, 100; Connecticut, 107. It is very promising in portions of the Middle States, but in other portions it was injured, either by drought or excessive rain. A decline is noted in New York, where the average is 94, and in New Jersey, 91. Pennsylvania and Delaware have both risen to one per cent. above the average. Of the South Atlantic States, Maryland shows 96 per cent., with the crop damaged by drought, especially on stiff soils; Virginia, 90, also damaged from the same cause and from insect ravages; North Carolina, 91, a loss of one per cent. South Carolina and Georgia have risen to 10 per cent. above the average. Florida, 102, maintains her July average. Texas declines from 106 to 102. The other Gulf States show enhanced averages as follows: Alabama, 107; Mississippi, 95; Louisiana, 77. The last named is partially recovering from the effects of the freshets. Some insect injuries are reported. Of the Southern Inland States, Arkansas, 85, and Kentucky, 80, show some improvement; while Tennessee, 70, and West Virginia, 82, indicate the continuance of unfavorable conditions. These low averages are accounted for by severe and extensive drought. North of the Ohio river, all the States show a depressed condition from drought and insect injuries. Chinch bugs were active in Illinois, and grasshoppers in several counties of Wisconsin. The State averages are as follows: Ohio, 93 per cent.; Michigan, 98; Indiana, 106; Illinois, 86; Wisconsin, 98. West of the Mississippi river, the ravages of grasshoppers and chinch bugs have been severely felt in some counties, in some cases, sweeping all the summer crops. It is very remarkable that in Minnesota, where local injuries have specially occupied public attention, the high state of the crop, in counties not affected by the pests, have raised the condition to a full average. The other States, however, show a decline as follows: Iowa, from 104 to 102; Missouri, 100 to 74; Kansas, 102 to 70; Nebraska, 109 to 42. In the last-named State, every county reports severe injuries from grasshoppers. On the Pacific coast, California has raised her average from 99 to 103; Oregon depressed hers from 103 to 100.

A Strange Plant.

Darwin, who is always after something singular, tells us of a strange plant which feeds on insects. The petiole, or leaf-stalk, is of the shape of a handle of a tea-spoon, the only difference being that its upper surface is channeled along the middle, instead of being flat. By its broad end it is united to the leaf by a narrow isthmus, of about half a line in breadth.

Whenever an insect, or any object, touches, however slightly, any of the six filaments above mentioned, the lobes close sharply upon it, just as a rat-trap closes on the animal caught; the closure is at first, however, only partial. When the leaf is thus half-closed, it is easy to see what is the significance of the two sets of prongs along its edges. They are observed to be set alternately along the borders of the two lobes, so as to fit into each other as the teeth of a rat-trap do. The reason why the leaf does not at once close firmly on its prey—at first sight not very apparent—Mr. Darwin has been able to explain, by observing what happened when an insect finds itself caught and attempts to escape. If it is small, it easily makes its way through the grating, formed by the crossing of the teeth; and in this case, the leaf expands again very gradually, and is then ready for another victim. If it is large, all its efforts to regain its liberties are futile. Repelled by its prison-bars, it is driven back upon the sensitive filaments, which project into the interior of its cell, and again irritates them. By doing so, it occasions a second and more vigorous contraction of the lobes. The result is that the creature is this time not only captured, but crushed, to be eventually digested.

The leaf, having thus closed, remains for a week or more in the same state. At first, the two lobes are so flatly pressed against each other, that the insect between them forms a bulging projection on either side. But soon a quantity of juice is secreted by the internal surface of the leaf, which, as it collects, distends the space occupied by the insect, which after a time becomes diffluent, and is eventually absorbed. This process of gradual liquefaction and absorption, Mr. Darwin has shown by numerous experiments, to be of the same nature as that by which food is digested in the stomach of higher animals.

Chinese Domesticities.

A writer on the Chinese in the *Temple Bar* says: "They have a large screen before the doorway, which gives privacy sufficient for their need. The window sashes are closed either by a sort of jalousie or thin matting. They do not surround their domesticities with the same mystery and secret precautions with which we envelope these proceedings in Europe. Human nature, they argue, has to sleep, and here is the mat upon which it stretches itself. Why conceal it? It also wants to eat, and it satisfies its appetite, no matter how many eyes are gazing. Tell a Chinese cook you are hungry, and he will immediately fetch his fire, his cooking utensils, his provisions, and cook under your very nose. He has no idea of concealing his operations in some far-back region. He squats down anywhere, makes a fire on or in anything—a basin, dish, pan, or pot—there is no limit to his invention. He will cook in the middle of the street, or in the center of his guests in a restaurant. Upon one occasion, when on board a junk, I observed a man cooking his own and his neighbor's food together in a tub, and an earthern saucer containing the charcoal. Wonderful creatures they are, these despised Chinese, with a deftness of finger and ingenuity of patience unsurpassed by any nation under the sun."

Fever in Water.

The *Journal of Chemistry* warns the drinkers of the water of wells that are near dwellings to beware of the typhoid poison sure to be found sooner or later in those reservoirs if any of the house-drainage can percolate them. The gelatinous matter often found upon the stones of a well is a poison to the human system, probably causing, by its spores, a fermentation of the blood, with abnormal heat or fever. Wholesome, untainted water is always free from all color and odor. To test it thoroughly, place half a pint in a clear bottle, with a few grains of lump-sugar and expose it, stoppered, to sunlight in a window. If even after an exposure of eight or ten days, the water becomes turbid, be sure that it has been contaminated by sewage of some kind. If it remains perfectly clear, it is pure and safe.

"The Seducer and His Victim."

The seducer! Playing upon the most sacred passions, he betrays innocence. How? By its tenderest faculties; by its trust; by its unsuspecting faith; by its honor. The victim often and often is not the accomplice so much as the sufferer, betrayed by an exorcism which bewitched her noblest affections, and became the suicide of her virtue! The betrayer, for the most intense selfishness, without one pretense of honor—by lies; by a devilish jugglery of fraud, by blinding the eye, confusing the conscience, misleading the judgment, and instilling the dew of sorcery upon every flower of sweet affection, deliberately, heartlessly, damns the confiding victim! Is there one shade of good intention; one glimmering trace of light? Not one. There was not the most shadowy, tremulous intention of honor. It was sheer, premeditated, wholesale ruin, from beginning to end. The accursed sorcerer opens the door of the world to push her forth. She looks out all shuddering; for there is shame, and sharp-toothed hatred, and chattering slander, and malignant envy, and triumphing jealousy, and murderous revenge—these are seen rising before her; clouds full of fire, that burn but will not kill. And there is for her want and poverty and gaunt famine. There is the world spread out. She sees father and mother heartlessly abandoning her, a brother's shame, a sister's anguish. It is a vision of desolation, a plundered home; an altar where honor and purity, and virtue and peace have been insidiously sacrificed to the foul Moloch. All is cheerlessness to the eye, and her ear catches the sound of sighing and mourning, wails and laments; and far down, at the horizon of the vision, the murky cloud for a moment lifts, and she sees the very bottom of infamy, the ghastliness of death, the last spasm of horrible departure, the awful thunder of final doom. All this the trembling, betrayed creature sees through the open door of the future; and with a voice that might move the dead, she turns and clasps his knees in awful agony: "Leave me not! Oh! spare me—save me—cast me not away!" Poor thing—she is dealing with a demon! Spare her?—save her? The polished scoundrel betrayed her to abandon her, and walks the street to boast his hellish deed. It becomes him as a reputation! Surely society will crush him! They will smite the wolf and seek out the bleeding lamb. Oh, my soul, believe it not! What sight is that? The drooping victim is worse used than the infernal destroyer! He is fondled, courted, passed from honor to honor, and she is crushed and mangled under the infuriate tramp of public indignation. On her mangled corpse they stand to put the laurels on her murderer's brow! When I see such things as these, I thank God that there is a judgment, and that there is a hell!
—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

New Theory of Comets.

The following novel theory of comets has been proposed by a contemporary: "Comets are supposed to consist of thin vapors of gases, held together by the mutual attraction of their particles. Like all bodies so circumstanced, they necessarily assume the spherical form; and therefore the common notion, that they consist of a comparatively small and bright nucleus and an immensely long and illuminated tail, evidently derived from their appearance in the heavens, cannot for a moment be entertained. That their spherical form, as shown by the reflected light of the sun, would scarcely be discernible at the distance of our earth, even though the comet were as dense as the densest cloud of our atmosphere, would not be surprising; but if their attenuation, as described by Sir John Herschel, be considered, all wonder ceases. Sir John Herschel says 'that the most unsubstantial clouds, which float in the highest regions of our atmosphere and seem at sunset to be drenched in light and to glow throughout their whole depth as if in actual ignition, without any shadow or dark side, must be looked upon as dense and massive bodies, compared with the filmy and all but spiritual texture of a comet.' Owing to this extreme tenuity of matter, the rays of the sun's light, as reflected by it, are absolutely invisible to the inhabitants of the earth; but the other rays, penetrating into the center of the comet, are refracted by this powerful lens of twenty millions of leagues diameter into the focus which forms the nucleus of the comet, where there is, perhaps, a greater concentration of rays of light than anywhere else, not in the body of the sun. Hence this large body of concentrated light, streaming in a narrow path through the remaining half of the comet, in a direction opposite to the sun, forms that splendid appendage called the tail.

The Quaker and the Hackmen.

The Boston *Bulletin* gives the following ludicrous account of the experience of a Quaker with New York hackmen: A tall, portly, dignified citizen of the Quaker persuasion, well known in Philadelphia, arrived in New York the other day, and, having no baggage but a light traveling satchel, was utterly oblivious to the appeals of the hackmen as he emerged from the railway station.

"Fee—thavanoo Hotel! Fifth Avenoo—goin' ritup! Fifth Avnoo!"

Broadbrim stalked right on without a word. Another knight of the whip charged down upon him.

"Say Nicholas Hotel! Say Nicholas Hotel coach? This way for the S' Nicholas!"

No response from the passenger, and not a muscle moved at his appeal. Then there was a rush of half a dozen.

"Kerridge, sir, Kerridge? Wanter ride up?"

"Winsur House! Whose going up to the Winsur?"

"Astor House, sir?"

"Brevoort House? Brevoort?" "Metropolitan Hotel?" "Right down Broadway!" "'Ere you are; kerridge, sir?"

The traveler loomed up like a ten-pin among vinegar cruets, and, with face as placid as a pan of milk, was calmly and silently moving away from the crowd of jarvies, who looked after him with something like amazement, when a sudden thought seemed to strike one, who, running after him, seized hold of one of the handles of his traveling bag—

"Deaf and Dumb Asylum, sir! Going right up!"

This was too much. Dignity relaxed into a laugh, and the driver got a fare for a down-town hotel."

STOPPED THEM.—Two muscular men in a Pennsylvania village, each of whom entertained the opinion that he was an adept at sparring, had arranged with each other and some friends to repair to a field one morning, and fight for one hundred dollars. The money was placed in the hands of a friend, and by him passed over to his wife for safekeeping. A Catholic priest, however, hearing of the proposed encounter, resolved upon a novel method of peacemaking. He went to the stakeholder, took the one hundred dollars, and then told the principals to go ahead. It is almost needless to add that they gave up all idea of fighting.

Up a Tree.

The *Arcadian* says: "From France, that land of romance, comes a new and pathetic story. A young man, in the bloom and health of vigor, was engaged to be married to a beauteous maid. This ingenuous youth had one eye fixed on the main chance, and arranged with his future father-in-law that on the day of his marriage certain 'real estate' should be transferred to him. The memorable morning arrived; the air was laden with the perfume of flowers, the birds sang, and the villagers held a festival similar to those which we see in Italian operas. The bridal party reached the chapel, which lay ensconced among traditionary elms. Through the churchyard meandered a streamlet whose silvery ripples glistened in the morning sun. Punctual to the time the cure arrived and took a preliminary pinch of snuff as he surveyed the people before him. Everybody settled into his or her allotted place. The ceremony was about to be commenced when it suddenly struck the bride that the bridegroom was *non est*. She clasped her hands to her heart, and, with a piercing shriek, fell senseless. Clear as a bell over the clamor that ensued was heard the voice of the father calling upon his friends and relations to go in search of the missing one. High and low they hunted, but the game could not be found. At last they discovered the object of their search comfortably ensconced among the spreading branches of a lofty oak. On being requested to descend he inquired 'if they saw any green about him,' to which those below, who had their eyes on the surroundings, replied 'Plenty.' In the midst of an interchange of violent epithets he gave a characteristic remark somewhat to the following effect—that 'he be derned if he would till that there real estate was transferred.' While the bride was thus bowed down in anguish and the bridegroom was boughed up in the tree, the father-in-law tore his hair, and amid sobs and tears urged the unreasonable nature of the request, but to no effect. Finally the document was brought forth, duly signed, and the recalcitrant bridegroom slid down the tree. After the necessary repairs had been made in his pantaloons, with his *rentes* secured and his rents sewn up, the bridegroom adjourned with the rest of the party to the chapel. The bride recovered from her faint, the cure took a fresh pinch of snuff, and the knot was tied."

The Reason Why.

It is always desirable that facts should be supported by reason. The editor of Arthur's *Home Magazine* gives the following questions and answers, which are pertinent to this season of the year:

Why is fruit most wholesome when eaten on an empty stomach?

Because it contains a large amount of fixed air, which requires great power to disengage and expel it before it begins to digest.

Why is boiled or roast fruit more wholesome than raw?

Because, in the process of boiling or roasting, fruit parts with its fixed air, and is thus rendered easier of digestion.

Why should salt be applied to vegetables intended for pickling, previously to putting them in the vinegar?

Because all vegetables abound in watery juices, which, if mixed with the vinegar, would dilute it so much as to destroy its preservative property. Salt absorbs a portion of this water, and indirectly contributes to the strength of the vinegar.

Why is bread made from wheat flour more strengthening than that made from barley or oats?

Because, as gluten, albumen and caseine are the only substances in the bread capable of forming blood, and consequently of sustaining the strength and vigor of the body, they have been appropriately called the food of nutrition, as a distinction from those which merely support respiration. Wheat contains eight hundred and twenty-five parts of starch, three hundred and fifteen of gluten, albumen, and caseine, sixty of sugar and gum; while barley contains twelve hundred of starch, one hundred and twenty of gluten, albumen and caseine, and one hundred and sixty of sugar and gum; hence wheat is much richer than barley in the food of nutrition.

A Wen that Cost $150,000 to Remove.

Young Stevens has gold in abundance, but what are millions to a man so deformed that dogs bark at him when he goes halting by, and lovely womap, even when the golden luster of untold wealth glitters about his head, faints at sight of him? From his birth a peculiar wen, growing larger day by day, has made his face and neck hideous. Covered with long hair, it looked like a repulsive wild animal clinging to his head. Stevens hid himself from the general eye and moped in loneliness. In early youth he was betrothed to a beautiful young girl, but as the wen grew great, his determination never to inflict his horrible deformity on a fellow-creature was firmly formed.

The best surgeons of Europe and America gave him no hope. They were unanimous in declaring that to remove the wen was to permanently remove the patient. But recently he met a daring practitioner who declared that it was within the skill of the surgeon to lop off the excrescence and restore the afflicted man to a healthy condition. Stevens listened gratefully. "Do it," said he, "and your reward shall be $150,000." With electric knifes the confident cutter went to work, and in a very brief time had earned his mammoth fee. The skin beneath the tumor was smooth and sound, and Stevens is in excellent health.

Victory of the Roaches.

A correspondent tells us, says the Louisville *Journal*, how to get rid of our colony of roaches: "Sprinkle the desk and floor with pulverized borax; let it remain some days without being brushed off the desk or floor, and, our word for it, brown roaches will be completely vanquished, to appear never more." Oh, you be hanged. Didn't we try the borax, and didn't the roaches immediately hold a public meeting and adopt a series of resolutions thanking us for the kindness we had done them, and didn't all the other roaches in town attend that convention and determine to become permanent members of the colony when the meeting adjourned, and aren't they swarming around us this moment "as thick as Tewkesbury mustard?" Give the scoundrels borax, and they think you are a mother to them.

A REGULAR HABIT.—Doddington was very lethargic. Falling asleep one day, after dinner, with Sir Richard Temple, Lord Cobham, and several others, one of the party reproached him with his drowsiness. He denied having been asleep, and to prove he had not, offered to repeat all Lord Cobham had been saying. Cobham challenged him to do so. Doddington repeated a story, and Cobham owned he had been telling it. "Well," said Doddington, "and yet I did not hear a word of it; but I went to sleeep because that I knew about this time of the day you would tell that story."

THE FAMINE IN ASIA MINOR.

Five Thousand Persons Dead of Starvation in one District—Dead Bodies Lying in the Streets.

Rev. Dr. Clark, of the American Board of Foreign Missions, has received a letter from J. O. Barrows, of Cesarea, in which he gives some thrilling details of the terrible famine now prevailing in that region. Mr. Barrows writes:

"While at Yozgat, which is eighty or ninety miles north of us, I witnessed the ravages of the famine, which is very severe, and also toward Angora. Many villages are entirely deserted. In some, one, or two, or three, or four, or parts of families remain. In the district of Sungarlu, (which is beyond Yozgat, and in which city there is a Protestant church, as many as 5,000 persons have died of starvation. But the horrors of this famine are indescribable. Many people have subsisted on grass for weeks, and then died. Beggars have flocked to the cities, and there many of them have died because they could not get a morsel of bread. Old men, mothers with babies at their breasts, young men that have become children, young boys and girls, half-naked, begging, crying, fainting, dying—this is famine. Beggars have flocked to our doors; we have given what we could, and are still doing the same; some relief has been afforded by contributions of friends in Stamboul, and other places, but it is only a drop in the bucket. Mr. Farnsworth has made a long tour through the famine-stricken people, and given from friends in Stamboul some $500, and perhaps by this means 500 people will be kept alive, but multitudes are dying and will yet die. The people of this country give but little, with rare exceptions, the more wealthy Moslems giving nothing. Selfishness reigns. Every man lives for himself. The Mohammedan religion is a religion of selfishness. If a man does any good deed, it is that he himself may be benefited. There is no public spirit—no love to man as such. But what this famine is, can be known only by those who see it. We say that so many have died. These statistics are cold things. Famine is the going out in utter darkness, wretchedness, and death of all that goes to make up human life. You find a little, half-naked girl, of eight or ten years, sitting in some corner of the street crying. What is the matter? Her father and mother are dead, or have abandoned her. She has not a friend, or one to care for her on earth; she has nothing to eat. She pleads and reaches out her bony hands to every passer-by; or perhaps gets enough during the day to buy one piece of bread. This kind of life lasts a few weeks, and she is picked up by those who are ordered to bury the dead that they may find in the streets.

"When in Yozgat I heard a cry of children in the crowded streets before me. I looked, and saw three little children. The oldest was perhaps ten or eleven, the second six or seven, and the youngest three or four. The little one wanted to be carried. The oldest one was too feeble, but finally bending down took the little one on her back. The other child clung to her ragged clothes, and so they went on, all crying together. But such a sight! It made an impression that I believe will never be effaced from my mind. These children were so poor that the flesh which covered their teeth was a mere skin, and as they cried the expression of their countenances was something more sad and pitiable than I had conceived possible before. These three were left clinging to each other, dying together, with no one to care for them. One learns here at such a time as this that the tender mercies of the wicked are indeed cruel. One is forced to exclaim, Oh, God, what will the end be? why must there be such terrible suffering? But God is good and man is sinful. Bodies have lain in the streets one, two, and even three or four days before burial, and the dogs have feasted on them. Many of our Protestant communities and families have suffered greatly. At Sungurlu some of the brethren have sold house, shop, household furniture, beds, clothing, everything, and now must beg or starve. And perhaps they will both beg and starve. In one village there was one Protestant family; the father, mother, and all the children but two have died of starvation. In the village of Injirh there was a pleasant little Protestant community, several of whom were members of the church, with a preacher residing with them. But they were poor. Last winter their provisions failed, and there seemed to be nothing but starvation before them. But this preacher went to the city of Yozgat and purchased flour, becoming responsible for the pay himself, and so kept alive six families. But now unless the preacher can be repaid his creditors will take everything from him. It was a very kind and generous thing that he did. I feel like appealing to friends in America to help him out of this dilemma. The board do not wish us to make special appeals to our friends for aid in carrying on our missionary work, but this is a matter of humanity. If American Christians could only see how some of their fellow-christians here are suffering, they would certainly imitate our English Christian friends and others in Stamboul, who have given liberally for this object."

A Shocking Death.

Two men living in Philadelphia desired to visit Pittsburgh to look at a prize fight, and not having the means to pay their fare, determined to steal their way. Embarking at West Philadelphia, they climbed upon the top of the skylight of one of the palace cars attached to the Pacific express train west, and lay down, one with his feet pointing to the front, their heads being together.

On nearing Mill Creek bridge, one of the men named Vanderslice, who was lying with his head on Mencaly's shoulder, rose up a little and in an instant one of the iron bolts in the girder that sustains the roof of the bridge, plowed a furrow through the top of his head, scattering his brains in all directions, killing him instantly. His companion held his body in position until the cars arrived at Lancaster, when he made known the accident to the railroad officials. The body was removed from the top of the car, placed in the depot and the Coroner sent for, who summoned a jury and held an inquest on the remains, the evidence being about the same as the foregoing statement. The jury returned a verdict of accidental death, in accordance with the above facts.

An Earnest Official.

Occasionally you find an official who is almost as accommodating as an editor. The Boston *Globe* says that Geo. F. Field, the General Passenger Agent of the Eastern Railroad, is one of those men, and writes the following as an example: A train on his road took a large party to Conway, N. H. It left eight pieces of baggage behind. Mr. Field, knowing that the baggage would be

The Centre Reporter,

FRED. KURTZ.....Editor.

Centre Hall, Pa., Sept. 10, 1874.

TERMS.—$2 *per year, in advance,* 2,50 *when not paid in advance.*
Advertisements 20c *per line for three insertions, and for* 6 *and* 12 *months by special contract.*

Democratic Nominations.

For Supreme Judge,
HON, WARREN J. WOODWARD, of Berks.

For Lieutenant Governor,
HON. JOHN LATTA, of Westmoreland.

For Auditor General,
HON. JUSTICE F. TEMPLE, of Greene

For Secretary of Internal Affairs,
GEN. WILLIAM M'CANDLESS, of Philadelphia.

ASSEMBLY,
S. T. Shugert, Bellefonte,
S. S. Wolf, Potter.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY,
J. L. Spangler, Bellefonte.

COMMISSIONER,
J. Newlin Hall, Howard.

CO. SURVEYOR,
J. H. Reifsnyder, Penn.

AUDITOR,
Adam Yearick, Marion.

District Nominations, subject to the decision of the several conferences:

Judge—J. H. Orvis, Congress—C. T. Alexander, Senator—P. G. Meek.

The election in Wyoming territory has gone democratic by an increased majority.

A. O. Furst is a member of the rad state committee, for Centre county.

The Dauphin county rads are evidently trying to conciliate Sambo. Witness what the Patriot of 5 inst., says:

Dauphin county is represented on the republican state central committee by Prof. W. Howard Day (colored).

The secretary of the republican city executive committee is George Galbraith (colored).

Judge Poland of Vermont, of *Credit Mobilier* fame, and the author of the infamous press gag-law last winter, has met with a signal defeat in his own congressional district, which at the last election gave him over 4000 majority. He will have time now to chew the bitter cud of disappointment, and to reflect upon the uncertainty of all mundane things. Let him also remember that the people are very jealous of their rights, and that it makes but little difference whether a man errs wilfully, or is caught in the meshes of wicked and designing demagogues. Poor Poland! Hasn't Grant got a little appointment left for him?

CONFERENCE MEETINGS.—We suggest that the Democratic Conferences, for the selection of candidates for Congress, Senator and Judge, meet at Bellefonte on Wednesday, the 23d day of Sept. at 2 o'clock P. M. Let us hear from the editors and Chairmen of the several county Committees in the District.

The above suggestion comes from the Clearfield Republican, and we second it.

As we remarked heretofore, the rads intend centering all their efforts against one of the candidates upon our county ticket, despairing of defeating the whole. The cloven foot became apparent in the postponement of their convention to Oct. 6, and the democratic nominee they intend setting upon with their battering rams, is Lieut. S. S. Wolf. Well, our nominee smelled burnt powder during the war, when many of his radical opposers were at home, trembling in their boots lest the draft should nab them, and we think he will stand their fire as well as he did confederate minnies.

Robbery by the Government and the Nation.

In late issues of the Reporter, we gave accounts of the wonderful beauties and riches of the Black Hills country, which was explored this summer by an expedition sent out at the expense of the people. It seems now that some of these men already staked out their claims and will try to gobble up these lands. No such claim should be allowed, and that is not what the expedition was sent out for to pursue private speculation at public expense.

The World publishes an animated account of the Black Hills expedition. Gold, we are informed, has been discovered in such quantities that each digger may hope to make one hundred dollars a day. In some spots it is to be found in the pure state, such as nuggets, and in every case it can be obtained with but the slightest labor.

"The course of the Government," says the writer of the World, "in regard to the disposition to be made of the Black Hills country will now be eagerly awaited. Already some of the civilians who accompanied the expedition have staked out claims in the gold district, and companies have been formed among them to work them at the first favorable opportunity."

Upon all this there is only one brief comment to be made; and it is nothing less than the divine command: Thou shalt not steal. This Black Hills country belongs to the Indians, and the Government and the people of the United States have pledged their honor that "no person except such officers and agents or employees of the Government as may be authorized to enter upon Indian reservations in discharge of the duties enjoined by law, shall ever be permitted to pass over, settle upon, or reside in this Territory."

SOUTHERN OUTRAGES.

From out the cloud of rumors and exaggerated reports that come from the south are two well-defined and well-authenticated accounts of outrageand barbarity for which no excuse or palliation can be invented. The first of these is the massacre at Trenton, Tennessee. As the reports show, the quarrel which led to this bloody massacre began in a trivial dispute between some lawless white men and some negroes about the difference of a half a dollar in the price of admission to a picnic or barbecue which was being conducted under the management of the latter. The quarrel was further aggravated by the pretended confession of a negro that a conspiracy had been formed against the whites of the settlement, and by the excited story of two young men that they had been fired upon by a party of blacks. Under the influence of fear or of a brutal spirit of hatred and revenge, a band of white men, wearing masks and otherwise disguised, seized and shot down no less than sixteen negroes. This outrage has created intense feeling throughout Tennessee. Gov. Brown has offered a reward for the arrest of the assassins, and every exertion is being made to capture them and bring them to speedy justice for their dastardly crime. It will be observed that this was no political quarrel, but was set on foot by some mean whites who sought to participate in a negro festival to which they were not invited. The probability is that the perpetrators of this act belong to the same party and vote the same ticket with the negroes. But the decent white people of Tennessee of all parties deprecate the deed as a crime of unparalleled cowardice and barbarity deserving the penalty which the law inflicts on the murderer.

The other case is that of Coushatta, Louisiana, in which six white men were murdered in cold blood by a party of masked assassins. In the outstart of this affair the negroes were the aggressors, but the inhabitants, instead of taking revenge on them held the white officials of Coushatta responsible as their instigators. These officials to the number of six resigned their offices and agreed to leave the state under promise of protection. But after delivering themselves up they were taken from their guards and shot down in cold blood. It is asserted now that a party of outlaws from Texas were the perpetrators of this last massacre. In its atrocity it sufficient ly resembles some of the bloody episodes of Texas crime.—*Patriot.*

STANDING BY THEIR COLORS.

The Pennsylvania Radicals have taken The World's advice to the Democracy. They stand by their colors. They give us an issue of the squarest sort. There is no palaver about non-essentials in their declaration of principles. There is no ambiguity at all in the motto under which they propose to fight. To Free Trade, Hard Money, Home Rule, they oppose Addition, Division, and Silence. No more, no less. 1. *Addition* to the currency, to the taxation of the country in every form, to our industrial complications, and to our race problems. 2. *Division* of the spoils on the principle of a new shuffle and a new deal. 3. *Silence* about corruption, and carpetbagism, and the woes of the South.

Grant is dropped like a hot potato because he will not subscribe to the additions to the currency, and is not likely to consent to take a new set of politicians in with him upon the ground floor. Blaine is indorsed in one direction and Morton is sympathized with in another. But nobody can deny that the Pennsylvania Republicans in convention assembled have shown the courage of their opinions, and that they realize what other Radicals refuse to admit—that to purge the Republican party of its corruptions is to purge it to death.—*World.*

One of the New York journals thus early predicts a gloomy winter for the toiling classes in that city. It says:

From present indications the approaching winter will be a hard one. Thousands of clerks and artisans are idle, and laborers are being discharged from the public works on account of the exhaustion of appropriations. At the meeting of the Common Council to-day action should at once be taken to raise the money necessary for the completion of unfinished work and street repairing.

Can't the radicles in their platforms promise to prevent all this misery?

DOWN ON IT.—The Times, Grant's New York organ, thus alludes to the proceedings of the Radical State Convention of Pennsylvania, the day after the adjournment: The platform adopted by the Convention is beneath contempt. The only real affirmation in it in regard to National issues is that in favor of protection. It is significant, however, that the Convention did not venture to come out flat-footed for inflation; and this justifies a hope that the next delegation sent to Congress by the State will leave less faith than the present one in the efficacy of debauching the currency as a specific for the revival of trade. Our dispatches show that the Convention is not in favor of a third term for President Grant. The work of defining their views on National questions has been too much for many conventions this season, but no convention has so signally failed as that of the Pennsylvania Republicans. The democrats need never more pretend to be alive if they cannot make a better schedule of their principles than the platform adopted at Harrisburg.

What are the sentiments of the Republican party in relation to the Civil-Rights bill? In the party conventions in Maine, Vermont, and Pennsylvania the demand for the social equality of whites and blacks was emphatic enough. But in the Alabama Republican Convention social equality was expressly repudiated. The party is all afloat on this important question. It is evident, though, that while the Alabama Radicals are afraid to face the music, the the music, the Northern Radicals are disposed to make mongrelism a cardinal feature of their programme. The Democracy will ask for nothing better than to meet them on that issue. In the South, as the North Carolina election has shown, it has been fatal to Radicalism. In the North, squarely put before the people, we believe that it will be no more popular. Let the Radicals insert a social-equality plank in the Utica platform, and give us a chance to test public sentiment in this State.

At all events bread must be cheap for a year to come. The crops in this country and Europe are more than average. France and Germany which have of late years been purchasing countries will this year have grain to spare. This is not encouraging news for farmers, but it a theme for thankfulness among thousands of poor laborers.

Gen. Sheridan has issued an order to generals Terry and Ord, to destroy the outfit, burn wagons and arrest the leaders of expeditions to the Black Hills, on the ground that it would be an invasion of the Sioux reservation. This severe order is not so much in favor of protecting the Indians as it is the gold in the Black Hills. The General wants all to have a fair chance.

Fine and warm—the weather.

ADDITION, DIVISION, AND SILENCE—NICE ARRANGEMENT.

One of the nice arrangements of the five or six ring-masters of the Pennsylvania Republican party is said to be as follows: If a sufficient number of their creatures to make the "old thing work" are returned to the Legislature in November, Simon Cameron will resign his seat in the United States Senate, and thus create an additional vacancy, there being one already by the expiration of John Scott's term. Don Cameron will then be elected to one of the seats, and Russel Errett, who wears a collar inscribed with Bob Mackey's name on one side and Bill Mann's on the reverse, will get the other. What a noble pair of conscript fathers! How venerable in character! How august in history! How they might roll out the sounding Senatorial periods in praise of their noble constituency, composed of just three disinterested persons—Father Simon at Harrisburg, Bill Mann at Philadelphia, and Bob Mackey at Pittsburg—with a few Meek voiced underlings who are satisfied with anything, so they are permitted to finger some of the stealings!

The Gazette and the Telegraph, Republican papers published at Pittsburgh, are seriously alarmed over the discovery of the supposed design. We think that they may be easy so far as these particular persons are concerned. Don Cameron wants the Treasury Department, and the whole Republican party of Pennsylvania is now studiously and ably worked to that end. Simon was not mistaken in his man when he dealt with Blaine, and when the Pennsylvania delegation in the convention of 1876 is duly transferred to Blaine, the latter will faithfully keep his covenant. There are not two men living between whom it may with more certainty be said that a certain kind of honor will obtain, than Simon Cameron and J. G. Blaine. As to Errett, a blind man may see the point of the manœuvre, and we are amazed at the simplicity of the Telegraph and the Gazette. He is named at this early day only to throw the chase off from Mackey. It is a common trick of their trade, as it is of the pickpockets. Simon Cameron will keep his seat in the Senate just as long as he can, and Mackey will be sent there to reinforce Patterson in his service. Don will take the Treasury, and with Hartranft as Governor and Paxson as supreme Judge, the Ring will be comfortably situated, and Mr. Mann will view his arrangements with infinite complacency.—*Sun.*

HYPOCRICY.

[From Zeigler's Butler Herald.]

One of the resolutions of the republican convention reported by Russel Errett, and no doubt drawn up by him, expresses great friendship for the new constitution. Was there ever anything more inconsistent, insincere and hypocritical! Let us take the action of the convention against its words. Russel Errett was one of the most bitter opponents of the new constitution, and day after day published in the Commercial editorially and extracts from Bergner's paper at Harrisburg, articles as to taxes, increase of expenses, etc., which every intelligent reading man in the state knew to be false. Jas S. Rutan, in his Beaver paper, the Radical, never failed in every issue of his paper to make unjust attacks on the new constitution, and yet he was president of the convention. Quay, master spirit of the convention, was also a pominent opponent of the new constitution, and used all his political influence to defeat it. Mackey, also conspicuous at the late convention and a member of it, was a bitter foe to the new constitution. Wm. B. Mann, who headed the organization with Mackey, Errett, Rutan and others, for Judge Paxson and Olmstead, was the most active of the opposition to the new constitution in Philadelphia and even controlled the Union League and forced its opposition to the new constitution. Lear, the temporary chairman of the convention, was distinguished for his violent attacks upon the new constitution, and yet he was made temporary chairman over General Lilley, a well known friend of the constitution. Such shameful hypocricy has never before been exhibited in Pennsylvania.

Evidence comes to us from all parts of the South that the hostility between the whites and blacks, which breaks out in an open war and bloodshed at times, is the result of a preconcerted arrangement on the part of sundry Republican managers, who have contracted to supply the party newspapers North with political capital for the campaign. In South Carolina, for instance, the carpet bag orators on the stump use the most exciting language to influence the passions of the negroes. The carpet bag Congressman Wallace tells his black hearers that "if they do not get their rights at the ballot-box they must resort to the cartridge-box," and John J. Patterson, of Pennsylvania, the man who bought a United States Senatorship of the South Carolina negro legislators with greenbacks, warns the negroes that the whites are armed, and that they (the negroes) should "be on their guard and *be ready.*" With such advice thrust upon him at every turn it is not surprising if the ignorant freedmen is pursuaded that a conspiracy exists to restore him to slavery, and that he must assume the offensive towards the native whites in order to protect himself. This same rascal Patterson, by the way, who is urging the negroes to violence, is he who shared in the panic in Columbia a few nights ago, when rumor transformed a harmless huntsman with his pack of hounds, on the other side of the Congeree, into five hundred Georgia "Ku-Klux," armed to the teeth and intent upon "cleaning out" Moses, Patterson, and the other republican thieves borrowing in the South Carolina capital. He who was so valorus in the presence of a friendly negro mob on the coast, and who wanted the native whites driven to the wall, was flying with terror to the headquarters of the Federal post commandant, when an idle report of, prosching "Ku-Klux" was wafted on the wind. It is natural, however, that a coward should be selected to do a cowardly work, for such is this business of inciting the poor African to butt his brains out against the superior race. So in other parts of the South the agents, presumably, of the Hot Springs conspirators, are secretly plotting to instigate negro riots, so that by ingenious misrepresentation the Northern people will be made to believe that the liberties of the blacks are in danger, and that the Republican party must be sustained in order that they may be saved. Exposure of their machinations is the antidote. Nobody at the North is going wild over the alleged rebel outrages in the South, when it is known that a job to help the decaying Republican party is at the bottom of the trouble.

It pays to advertise in the Reporter—nearly all in the county read it.

The Courier-Journal, in answer to some strictures of the Chicago Inter Ocean, says that the Democracy being in the majority in Kentucky are responsible for the putting down of the lawlessness that exists in that State, and does not propose to shirk that responsibility by trying to lay it upon other shoulders. Would it not be a good idea for the Republican party of the nation and the different States, where they are in power, to take a little of the same responsibility upon themselves? They have absolute control of the government in all of its departments, and yet they try to shirk the responsibility of official corruption, the Credit Mobilier, the salary grab, and all the long array of official dereliction and corruption. They are quick to charge responsibility upon the Democracy, but always shift it from themselves. If they hold the Democracy of Kentucky responsible for the disorders in Kentucky, they shall not escape the responsibility in South Carolina, Louisiana, Arkansas, nor in the general administration of the government. With two-thirds majority in Congress they shall not be permitted to lay their corrupt measures to the charge of Democratic minority. Let every tub stand on its own bottom; and judgment be passed according to the deeds done or left undone. The Democracy are in favor of this way of doing things and have nothing to fear from the result.

The Hon. Hugh McCulloch has published an elaborate letter in favor of reducing the currency, cancelling fifty millions of greenbacks every year, repealing their legal tender quality, and authorizing free banking. He also declares himself a free trader, and insists upon tariff for revenue only. Mr. McCulloch is an able man, and advocates his propositions with ability and force.

Mr. McCulloch was the late administration Secretary of the Treasury, and the views he now puts out upon these important questions will sound a little too democratic to suit the Grant monopolists.

All of Grant's official acts at Long Branch are illegal. The act of July 16, 1790 says that "All offices attached to the seat of Government shall be exercised in the District of Columbia and not elsewhere, except as otherwise especially provided by law." As there has been no law authorizing the President to exercise official functions at Long Branch, all his official acts at that place are illegal, including his late order to Belknap to send the Federal troops into the South.

DIVING ON THE SYRIAN COAST.

Extent of the Sponge Fisheries-How the Harvest is Gathered.

From the Pall Mall Gazette

Some interesting information respecting the Syrian sponge fisheries is given by Vice-Consul Jago (Beyrout) in his commercial report for 1873, just issued. The total value of the sponges fished on the coast of Syria is from £20,000 to £25,000. The production is, however, falling off through excessive fishing, and the consequent exhaustion of the fishery grounds. About 250 to 300 boats are at present employed in this industry on the coast of Syria, manned by about 1,500 men. The centres of production are Tripoli, Ruad, Dattakis, and Batroun on the coast of Mount Lebanon. The best qualities are found in the neighborhood of Tripoli and Batroun; but the boats visit all parts of the coast, from Mount Carmel in the south to Alexandretta in the north.

The majority of the boats used are ordinary fishing boats, three parts decked over and carrying one mast with an ordinary lug sail. They are from eighteen to thirty feet in length, and are manned by a crew of four or five men, one of whom is specially engaged for the purpose of hauling, while the rest are divers. In some cases the men own their own boats, but generally they are hired for the season, which extends from June to the middle of October. No wages are paid; the remuneration consists in an equal share of the produce of the fishing. The profits of a good diver reach as high as £40 a season. Diving is practiced from a very early age up to forty years, beyond which few are able to continue the pursuit. It does not appear, however, that the practice has any tendency to shorten life, although as the diver approaches forty he is less able to compete with his younger and more vigorous brother. The time during which a Syrian diver can remain under water depends, of course on his age and training. Sixty seconds is reckoned good work; but there are rare instances of men who are able to stay below eighty seconds. The men on the coast, however, make extraordinary statements as to the length of time their best hands are able to remain under water, and gravely assert that eight and ten minutes are not impossibilities.

The manner of diving is as follows: The diver—naked of course—with an open net around his waist for the receptacle of his prizes, seizes with both hands an oblong white stone to which is attached a rope, and plunges overboard. On arriving at the bottom the stone is deposited at his feet, and keeping hold of the rope with one hand the diver grasps and tears off the sponges within reach, which he deposits in his net. He then, by a series of jerks to the rope gives the signal to those above, and is drawn up. No knife, spear, or instrument of any kind is used. The Syrian diver, unlike his Greek competitor, never uses the diving dress, having an antipathy to it on the score of its alleged tendency to produce paralysis of the limbs.

Two or three fatal accidents annually occur, mainly among the skilful and daring. The diver will quit his hold of the rope, and wander some distance to secure a prize, and on returning to regain the rope will miss the spot, and be unable to find it. He then attempts to rise unassisted, and being ignorant of the exact direction, often strikes out diagonally, and is drowned before he can reach the surface. Other accidents again happen from jagged or pointed rocks, which, besides sometimes wounding the diver, often entangle his rope, and thus in great depths expose him to the risk of drowning. The depths to which the diver descends vary from five to thirty "brasses," each equal to an ordinary man's height. Below the extreme limit mentioned no good sponges are found In former years the Syrian coast was much frequented by Greek divers from the islands of the Archipelago. Their number is now restricted to five or six boats annually, the skill of the Syrian, combined with his superior knowledge of the fishing grounds, enabling him to compete successfully with his foreign opponent.

Although they vary much in quality and size, sponges may be generally classified as—1. The fine white bell-shaped sponge, known as the "toilet sponge;" 2. The large reddish variety, known as sponge de Venise," or "bath sponges;" 3. The coarse red sponge used for household purposes and cleaning. Two-thirds of the produce of the Syrian coast are purchased by the native merchants, who send it to Europe for sale, while the remainder is purchased on the spot by French agents who annually visit Syria for the purpose. France takes the bulk of the finest qualities while the common sponges are sent to Germany and England. The revenue drawn by Government from this industry is a tenth of the value of the produce calculated upon the prices paid to the finders by the traders, and which is paid in cash by the former to the tax farmer on the conclusion of his sale.

For the Reporter.

America's Hope.

Behold America as she looms forth in her formidable position with the wide waters of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans on the East and West, and from the North she is invaded by the rude Polar blasts, while from the South she is fanned by the balmy breezes of the Trophics. She presents natural features second to none in grandeur and magnificence throughout this world's broad domain, and if God permit in course of a few generations her people will far outnumber even the most populous nations of the Globe.

Let us for a moment penetrate beneath the surface of her extensive vallies and plains, and into the dark recesses of her lofty mountains, and behold the inconceivable amount of minerals treasured there for the use of future generations.

But while we gaze with admiration upon the facilities left at the command of America, let us not forget that these are none other then the works of Him who does all things well, and that He looks for us to improve and develope in accordance with our privilege, which in the end is to redound to his honor and glory.

America as a nation is but in her infancy, and must be developed morally as well as physically. The principal share of the responsibility of the moral training of her people devolves upon the Teacher, and as such the Teacher is America's fondest Hope. That morality and intelligence are the basis of all good government need not be argued, because it is an established fact that where ignorance prevails vice predominates, and as such we can not help but feel the necessity of a general diffusion of knowledge, such as is contemplated by the *common school system* of Pennsylvania and some other states, which will enlighten the masses and perpetuate her glorious institutions.

At school is laid a foundation that forms the grand centre around which the Physician, the Lawyer or the Clergyman gathers those higher principles of knowledge pertaining to the science of their respective professions. But this is far from being all, for the most essential part of what the Teacher accomplishes; the importance and great responsibility of his position can only be appreciated when we consider the mighty influence he is ever exerting in social and political affairs. We may truly liken the rising generation unto a retina, the Teacher a camera, and his walk and talk, whether good or bad, will cause an impression to be made only to be erased when life itself is extinguished; hence the importance of good instructors, since the principles inculcated during the child's daily rounds of six hours each are stable as life itself. Oh, that school-officers were wise and felt the accountable weight of duty resting upon themselves so far as the selection of teachers is concerned; how often is it the case in our rural districts that ignorant teachers are chosen in preference to efficient ones, for no other reason than to gratify nepotism or pay back an old grudge. School Officers should never give way to feelings, because feelings will often blindfold reason; but they should ever remember while it is in their power to select a Teacher, that "an Ounce of preventive is worth more than a Pound of cure," and should act in accordance with their truthful maxim.

In America the right to govern is not vested in a privileged aristocracy but the people themselves are the rulers, and if they are to exercise this high prerogative in such a manner as will insure the most beneficial results to themselves and posterity, they must be intelligent and well understand the genious of our government. The somber clouds of ignorance and superstition, those mighty elements of the tyrants power which overshadow some sections of our country as with a pall, must be penetrated and dispelled by the glorious sunlight of knowledge and truth. An intelligent people can never be enslaved. These little school-houses found in every village and at almost every cross-road throughout our land are the invulnerable strongholds of our country's liberties. There the Teacher has under his immediate influence and instruction those on whom ere long, will devolve the sacred duties of American citizens, and will be entrusted with the reigns of government. It is in the school-room where minds like those of Luther, Washington and Webster are set on fire by the Teacher, which in after years will sway the destinies of nations.

There is a theory afloat which affirms that knowledge will only make Rascals; and we often find parents who hesitate sending their children to school for fear of getting corrupted. It is scarcely necessary to advance an argument, because while one does not need it, the other is too ignorant to comprehend as much; however permit me to state that quite often there appears to be mere truth than fiction in this assertion. How often do we find Teachers engaged in carousing, revelling, given to strong drinks, committing crimes, debauching humanity, and in fact are engaged in almost anything except that which is the employment of a true Teacher. We can even assert that such who are elected at the Tri-annual conventions, and should be seen in the front ranks bearing the banner of reform in moral refinements, are often found in grog shops affording music through the aid of stringed instruments, while some drunken loons endeavor to keep step to amuse their illustrious Curator. But while we permit our eyes to rest upon their deplorable condition and baneful influence, let us not forget to attribute the cause of the same to its proper source. If man will take a second thought he can not help but see that an improper use of education is abusing it. No one can help but admit the excellency of fire and water when properly used, and yet what devastating powgr is therein when an improper use is made thereof. Often we are suffered to gaze upon such whose light and reason is drowned by lusts, passions and evil propensities; but what of this? it only proves that *passions* like *fire and water* are excellent servants, but very extravagant masters. Behold Christendom three centuries ago, where darkness was put for light, when ignorance and superstition was the passport to worldly honor and fame, when it was no unusual thing to see the waters of the Tiber robed with purple hue from human blood-shed, then let us compare the past with the present through the mirror of history, and we may find a conclusion to this momentous query. Let it ever be remembered that so soon as we make an improper use of any thing, let it be the best machine, instrument, money, labor, time or education, it is not only abusing it, but is accelerating the motion of the wheels leading through the avenues of destruction. Let America be wise; may its people ever be found teaching the young to walk in the path of duty and in old age they will not depart therefrom. Remember that America's Hope rests on the proper education of her children. But while we endeavor to impart instructions to the young, let us ever remember that a pound of example is worth more than a hundred weight of precept, because in every particular we find that actions speak a thousand time louder than words.

It is only when we become acquainted with the responsibility resting upon the Teacher of Young America that we feel the necessity of a thorough preparation for the arduous duties of his profession. The shoemaker and carpenter must each serve a few years of apprenticeship before they are considered competent to make our shoes or build our houses. The physician must devote a number of years to the study of medicine, and then undergo a rigid examination before he is entrusted with these worthless bodies of ours which will at most last only three or four score years, while the Teacher who is engaged in developing and giving tendencies to the immortal mind, which it will bear with it through eternity, and whose work be it good or bad will forever remain, essentially unchanged,—he often is entrusted with the management of a school without an hour's preparation or even bestowing a single thought upon the responsibility connected with the office upon the duties of which he is about to erter; hence so many failures and worthless schools. It is a melencholy fact that many seek the profession merely as a refuge from labor that require mere physical efforts, or because they have nothing else to do and design leaving it so soon as something more lucrative presents itself. The utter worthlessness of such Masters is apparent to all. The man who fails to have his whole heart in the work which he undertakes to perform, is like him that attempts to build while he has no foundation.

But how are we to get rid of this evil; we must endeavor to retain the good Teachers, and throw overboard those who are unfit, and do not make an effort to improve themselves. In order to accomplish this the Teachers' salary must be increased, and the standard of his qualification be raised higher. It is a lamentable fact that a large proportion of our best instructors, who feel a deep interest in our schools, and devote all their time and labor to the cause of education, leave the profession because of the low wages and injustice they receive, by giving ignorant Teachers as much pay as themselves.

If parents and school-directors would but remember how much wiser it would be to supply the young with good books and instruction, than to procure for them splendid horses and carriages; if they could be made to feel how much more precious the mind is than the body, and how infinitely more important it is to store the former with useful knowledge, than to pamper the latter with needless luxuries, they would manifest a deeper interest in the cause of education, and would take more active measures to push forward the noble work. They would be willing to extend the term of school, higher wages would be given, better Teachers would be demanded, and incompetent ones would either have to qualify themselves properly, or be left behind, and then our schools would prosper as they should.

But who is to lead the van in such a noble work? Who is to raise the standard of teaching? Are questions often put to us or suggest themselves. I would say that it is the Teacher himself that has to take the lead in this movement. If the standard of the profession is to be elevated, the Teachers must do it. They must apply themselves diligiently and perseveringly to work, free it from every incumbrance that binds it down to its present level, and when the people see that the Teachers are really in earnest, as well as actuated with pure motives, they will more heartily cooperate with them, and better appreciate their services.

Of course the true Teacher meets with many obstacles in the way, but let ignorance and superstition heap their reproaches upon him. It is no dishonor to have reproach heaped on us in our struggle with the monster ignorance.

What does it matter if some aver that the schools are becoming poorer every day. If we inquire into such person's capabilities we frequently find that a great many are not able to write their own names, and at the most are unable to repeat the multiplication table.

Is *capitulation* and *liberty* to be lead by *ignorance* and *bondage*? *No, such can not,* WILL NOT, DARE NOT *be the case.* And as True American citizens we dare not let ignorance blindfold truth and liberty, but first be sure that we are in the right ourselves, then brave the storm of darkness and usher light therein, whereupon it will vanish as the gloom of night before the morning sun. HEW MOR.

INNER LIFE OF THE GODLY.

The Rev. James Boxer, D. D., of Sing Sing, preached in the Madison Avenue Baptist Church, from the first verse of the forty-second Psalm: "As the heart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God." Religion, he said, is not a matter simply to adorn the intellect with theories and creeds, or to grace the action with deeds of virtue. It creates and sustains the inner life, arousing the latent energies of the soul to new activity. The godly have a world of themselves alone oftentimes, not a physical world, tangible to the senses, nor a social world where a fraction of interest brings the baser passions of our being into prominence. It is a spiritual world which a man enters upon after regeneration. Religion works from within outward. It begins in soul-life, and finds expression in words and deeds. The sentiment of the text is that of one sighing for the conscious presence of God, not that of a mere inquirer after God who seeks, groping out of materialism, to distinguish what God really is. David's fame of mind was higher than that. A man whose feeling is like his lives in the soul, and from this life issues faith, which creates a longing for God's conscious presence.

The inner life of the Godly is the creation of the Spirit, the working of the Holy Ghost. The changes by which it is made possible, sometimes comes so gently that it is hardly recognized until it is found that the man is becoming a new being. To some it comes after a great shock of the soul, when it is stricken with agony of remorse for sin, and the image of its guilt appears before it like an awful specter. Stern as is this mode of imparting light the soul still gravitates toward the being of which in its ignorance it stands in fear. The inner life articulates through the functions which we call graces, and faith, hope and love represents its workings. This inner life sustains in the deepest sorrow and forms a rampart behind which the soul battles with circumstance. The heroism which it inspires is very different from stoicism which is such a chilling of the nature that its sensibility is benumbed, and the world's blows are not heeded by a stolidity, which is the stolidity of death. The inner life makes true Christians sensitive to every touch, but imparts the trust and faith which enable them to endure all without complaining.

A DIFFICULT PASSAGE EXPLAINED.

The Rev. P. S. Davis at the Pilgrim's Baptist Church in Thirty-third-st. His text was: "And I say also unto thee that thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

This, said the preacher, is confessedly a difficult passage, and it has caused much controversy. There have been as many arguments in all ages, and as many views expressed on this subject as there have been writers. It is not my intention to express those views or to refute such of them as we consider erroneous, nor to preach a polemical discourse. I shall confine myself to stating what we consider to be the true interpretation of this passage.

There are three things stated in regard to the Church of Christ, viz.: The basis upon which it is built, the architect who designs and directs the edifice, and the forces by which it is assailed. First, we take the foundation upon which the church is built. Christ said: "I say unto thee that thou art Peter, and on this rock I shall build my church." The word "rock" cannot have been applied to Christ himself, for there is no reason to suppose that Christ first said to Peter, "Thou art Peter," and then, pointing to Himself, added, "and on this rock will I build my Church." It cannot be applied to Peter's confession of a truth. The confession of a truth can be the foundation of a creed, but not of a church. Neither can the term be applied to Peter's supremacy. There is no fact by which to prove that he was the chief apostle to preach to the Jews and Gentiles, and to deserve the title rock above the others; nor does he himself assume that title. Another view of the question, and I believe the true one, is that the term is applied to Peter and to all believers to the end of time. What Peter confessed here he says in behalf of all the apostles, and what is said to him is said to all of them. The question is, "Who do ye say that I am?" and not "who dost thou, Peter, say that I am?" The question was put to all the apostles, and the answer is a collective one. Ordinary man saw in Jesus only a good man, but the disciples had His divine nature revealed to them. "Who do men say that I am?" asks Christ; and Peter replies, "Some say thou art Elias; others, one of the prophets." Then comes the question: "And who do ye say that I am?" and the answer of Peter, on the representation of the Apostolic College is, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." This question was the result of the change wrought in him. No man can understand heavenly things unless he repenteth. The vile man cannot understand purity.

Reader, can't you send us at least one new subscriber to the Reporter?

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CHAMBER SETS, PARLOR SETS, SOFAS, CHAIRS, BEDSTEADS, WOOL MATTRESSES, HAIR MATTRESSES,

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PURE DRUGS
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HEMICALS, OILS, DYE STUFFS, PERFUMERY, NOTIONS, FANCY ARTICLES FOR THE TOILET, &c., &c., &c.

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The undersigned having taken possession of the above establishment, respectfully informs the public that the same will be carried on by them in all its branches as heretofore.

They manufacture the CELEBRATED TRUE BLUE CORNPLANTER, the best now made.

HORSE POWERS, THESHING MACHINES & SHAKERS, PLOWS, STOVES, OVEN DOORS, KETTLE PLATES, CELLAR GRATES, PLOW SHEARS & MILL GEARING of every description, in short their Foundry is complete in every particular.

We would call particular attention to our EXCELSIOR PLOW, acknowledged to be the best Plow now in use, shifting in the beam for two or three horses.

We also manufacture a new and improved TRIPLE GEARED HORSE POWER, which has been used extensively in the northern and western States, and has taken precedence over all others.

We are prepared to do all KINDS OF CASTING from the largest to the smallest, and have facilities for doing all kinds of IRON WORK such as PLAMING, TURNING, BORING, &c.
All kinds of repairing done on short notice
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at his establishment at Centre Hall, keeps on hand, and for sale, at the most reasonable rates.

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and vehicles of every description made to order, and warranted to be made of the best seasoned material, and by the most skilled and competent workmen. Persons wanting anything in his line are requested to call and examine his work, they will find it not to be excelled for durability and wear. may 3tf.

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STOVES,
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This stove has large ovens, will burn hard or soft coal and wood. Every one warranted to give perfect satisfaction.
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CENTRE HILL, CENTRE CO., PA.,
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Consisting of the best assortment of
READY-MADE CLOTHING!
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LOWEST CASH PRICES!
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of every description.
All vehicles manufactured by him are warranted to render satisfaction, and as equal to any work done elsewhere.
He uses none but the best material, and employs the most skillful workmen. Hence they flatter themselves that their work can not be excelled for durability and finish.
Orders from a distance promptly attended to.
Come and examine my work before contracting elsewhere.

PRICES REASONABLE,
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NEW GOODS AND NEW PRICES!
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Goods at Old Fashioned Prices.
At the Old Stand of
WM. WOLF,
Would respectfully inform the World and the rest of mankind, that he has just opened out and is constantly receiving a large stock of
GOODS OF ALL KINDS
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THE CENTRE REPORTER

THURSDAY SEPT. 10, 1874.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Our friends will oblige by sending us items of local news in their locality, give us the facts only, and we will put them in shape, also notices of deaths and marriages.

Any one sending us the names of six new subscribers, with the cash, will be entitled to receive the REPORTER one year free.

The REPORTER being read by nearly every body on this side of the county, where it has a larger circulation than any two papers, will be found the best medium for advertising business, sales, &c. &c.

—SEE—The Brazilian and Diamond pebble glass spectacles, the best in the world, and which can be worn many years without change, can be had of M. Strouse, who is traveling over the county, and is the only agent for them, and has no pedlars employed. These glasses have the highest recommendations. Price from $1.50 upwards. 27 aug 4t

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do S "—Joseph Fox.
do W. "—O Meek.
Milesburg—Jas F Weaver.
Howard—John W Gardner.
Philipsburg—C A Faulkner.
Unionville—John Bing.
Benner twp—A V Wagner.
Boggs—Wm Marks.
Burnside—Bernard Veldehoffer.
Curtin—Henry Theil.
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Rush—G M Gaffey.
Snow Shoe—J H Holt.
Spring—John H Barnhart.
Taylor—Samuel Weaver.
Union—G L Peters.
Walker—John Divens.
Worth—Owen M'Cann.

J. H. MORRISON, Chairman.

—B. F. Meyers and Elias Garver, started for Missouri on last Monday morning, to try their luck there. The former is a graduate of the Reporter office, and the latter engaged in teaching during the last two years. They are both worthy young men, and we wish them success.

—Prof. H. Meyer, of Rebersburg, Wm. H. Heinly, of Nittany, and several other prominent teachers of this county, whose names we can not recall at this moment, will, we are informed, be candidates for Co. Superintendent.

Since writing the above, we learn that Prof. Rhone, of Pine Grove, Sup't Magee, and Rev. Kline, will also be candidates for Co. Sup't.

—The Re-union of the Centre Co. Normal, takes place, in the Ev. church of this place, on Thursday evening, 10th. The programme promises a good literary entertainment of orations, essays, &c., interspersed with music. The present session of the Normal was highly successful, and the attendance larger than ever before. Sup't Magee with his assistant, Prof. Rishel, has made the Normal one of the institutions of this county that we can look to with favor, and we trust its usefulness will evidence itself in the further prosperity of the common schools of Centre county.

—As this is the time of year for evil disposed persons to rob fruit trees and commit depredations upon their neighbor's gardens, it is well enough to know that the law provides an effective remedy for such offences. It imposes a fine of not less than $5 nor more than $100 upon every person who shall wilfully enter any orchard or garden and club or injure any fruit trees, or shall tramp upon or break down grass, grain, vegetables or vines of any kind. The stealing of fruit is declared a misdemeanor, and any person convicted shall be fined not exceeding $50 and be imprisoned not more than sixty days. The same penalty is declared against the stealing or removal of vegetables, plants or ornamental trees and shrubbery.

—Burnside & Thomas, opposite the Bush house, is the only firm that sells Groceries, Boots and Shoes, and other articles at a trifle above cost. They do a cash business, and sell cheap in consequence. You will find coffee, sugar, tea, molasses, &c., &c., at much lower figures than elsewhere, and their goods always fresh. Try them.

—Lead ore, yielding forty per cent of lead has been discovered on the farm of E. E. Kinch, of Sinking Valley, Blair county.

—Mrs. Amelia Potter, formerly of Potter's Mills, and widow of Gen. John Potter one of Centre county's noted sons, died on 28 August, at her home in Menashe, Wisconsin. She was 71 years of age.

—A white breeding sow, belonging to the undersigned, has been missing for about three months. Any one giving information of the whereabouts of the same will be suitably rewarded. J. B. SOLT.

—The tobacco crop in Connecticut is excellent. So says an exchange, and we may add that the chewing of it is abominable.

—It costs Union county $115 to have the stomach of Wm. Kline, deceased, analyzed.

—Mr. George Koch sent a lot of late gose potatoes to this office, any one of them being large enough to make a meal for a hungry man. One of these potatoes weighs about 1½ pounds. Koch makes the best lime and grows the biggest potatoes.

—In Mifflin county sportsmen actually went out with their guns on the evening of the 31 of August, and remained out all night in order to be ahead of some rivals on next day, Sept. 1 when the season for shooting squirrels commenced. This is almost as bad as the chase in the Fort woods, near Centre Hall, on the evening of the 1st, when six men with three double barrelland three single barrel guns were after two squirrels, firing about 40 times at the saucy little things before they surrendered. We saw it all ourselves, and actually dropped one of 'em.

Sitten way up among the sky,
In a great big hicko-ri,
a makin mouths at us.

—We regret to learn that Mr. Gideon Ishl died on Wednesday morning. Mr. I., long the proprietor of Ishl's Hotel was a highly esteemed citizen of Buffalo township, Union co, and a popular agreeable hotel keeper. His age was somewhere about 70 years.

—The young men of Collinsville, Conn., have formed themselve into a "Moral Improvement Society," and each agrees to pay a fine of one cent for every slang word or improper expression uttered by him. Now let the young men of this town also form themselves into such a society, and there will be funds enough in a week to buy a large school bell.

☞Subscribers owing one, two or more years on the Reporter, will oblige by remitting all or part. Our paper-man, hands and creditors look to us for Cash.

THE ELASTIC TRUSS AN ABDOMINAL SUPPORTER offered to the public, with the full assurance of the most eminent physicians and surgeons in the profession that they would supersede all metal of other instruments in use, for the relief and cure of Hernia. Prolapsus Uteri, and all Abdominal Weaknesses. The great number of radical cures they have effected, fully justify the confident prediction made, and has demonstrated the fact that rupture can be surely cured without suffering or annoyance, and without the danger of incuring Spinal Disease or Paralysis, often caused by the severe pressure of Metal Trusses and Supporters. ZELLER & SON, Druggists, Bellefonte, Sole Agents. Aug 27 3m

Five houses and seven stables were destroyed by fire at Lock Haven on Tuesday.

Hon. Heister Clymer was renominated for Congress at Reading on Monday.

—The Board of Directors of Gregg School District have appointed the following teachers for the term of five months, commencing in October, at salaries from $35 to $40:

Penn Hall high school P. J. Leitzell; Primary, J. A. Cronoble; Spring Mills School, A. E. Gobble; Decker's School, J. W. Runkle; Polk Hill, F. F. Jamison; Beaver Dam school, J. Heckman; Cross Roads School, W. P. Hosterman; Mountain School, A. C. Ripka; Muray's School, E. F. Smith; Hoys School, A. J. Long.

—And now Selinsgrove has had a child stealing case. Says the Times, 4 inst:

On Tuesday evening, about 8 o'clock, some unknown person attempted to steal the infant child of M. H. Cooke at this place. Mrs. Cooke was up stairs in her room and the child lay in the cradle. Mr. Cooke had just gone down into the cellar on an errand, when he heard his wife scream. It appears that as soon as he had gone down stairs an unknown man came out of an adjoining room, displayed a knife, and seized the child and ran down stairs. The alarm given by Mrs. Cooke immediately brought up her husband, but the man was gone, and the child was found lying on the platform of the stairs. Why any one should wish to steal so small a child seems a little surprising.

For the Reporter.

SPAWLS FROM PENN.

The sportsmen can now be seen daily wending their way towards the woods, in pursuit of their favorite game, the gray squirrel. A number of the boys have to rise a little earlier if they want to be successful.

A man from Union county had his wagon standing in Jonathan Kreamer's shed one night last week, loaded with melons, and some time during the night a patty of scalawags broke the lock, thereby gaining an entrance and feasted lavishly upon the melons at the expense of the owner.

The School directers of Penn township have employed the following teachers to take charge of the respective schools during the coming winter. Millheim Grammar, S. O. M'Curdy, $40; Millheim Primary, J. W. Glenn, $30; Texas school, J. C. Bible, $35; Pike, W. F. Smith, $33; Elk Creek, G. W. Keen, $28; Liberty, D. L. Zerby, $40; Mountain, Jennie E. Wolf, $25; Genzel's, Andrew Rishel, $25. Gird on the full armor teachers, and go to your work with a determination that you will accomplish something.

On last Saturday the people of our vicinity held a centennial congressional picnic, on the camp ground west of town. For some cause or other it was a thin arrangement, not a great many being present. Lots of good cakes were prepared, and we trust disposed of in the right manner. Of course the Millheim Cornet band was there, and did well, like they do in every other instance. Our boys like to play for pic-nicers, for they are certain to get some good cakes, and a few more than others who are just as hungary.

Some of our farmers are talking of cutting off corn already. They say during this dry weather it has ripened very fast, and seems almost fit to cut.

Mr. Campbell's new mill is in successful operation now, under the supervision of Mr. Jas. N. Van Ormer, one of the best millers in Central Pennsylvania. We have waited long, but yet it is finished now.

Mr. Elias Garver, the jovial and open-hearted fellow, was down here last week giving the parting hand (for the time being) to his many friends around Millheim. Elias has the West in view, and we hope will be successful in all his undertakings.

10 S. C.

RETURN OF JUDGE MAYER TO HIS HOME.—Last night in the 10 o'clock train Judge Mayer returned to his home in Lock Haven with his family from his European trip, restored in health and his family well and all in the best of spirits. At the Depot they were met by a committee on behalf of Clinton County Bar and many friends. They forth-with proceeded to his residence, where many more friends were assembled, and after the family greetings, those there met were invited in and shared the hospitalities of the mansion. On behalf of the Bar, H. T. Harvey, Esq., delivered in a very acceptable manner a well worded and happily conceived address of welcome, which was responded to in feeling terms by Judge Mayer, who gratefully acknowledged the kind words and kindred feeling manifested by the presence of so many dear and familiar faces, expressed his great pleasure in being restored to the companionship of his dearly remembered friends and relatives and declared his increased devotion to his native land from what he had seen abroad and a more intense affection for the scenes of his nativity and the warmth and geniality of the people of Lock Haven. Soon thereafter Lock Haven Band serenaded him. He acknowledged the compliment in the course of which he said that he had heard many bands play during his travels but that he had heard no music so sweet as that just discoursed, which welcomed him back to his home. The Band then entered and partook of his hospitality, and upon retiring, L. A Mackey, Esq., on behalf of the Judge, very happily thanked them for their presence and gracefully bade them good night. The party then retired, and left the recipients of this friendly ovation to rest, and in their retirement to dwell upon the exquisite pleasure of having received upon their return home a hearty welcome from their fellow-citizens which was as free and sincere as it must have been welcome and gratifying. —*Clinton Democrat.*

FIRE AT LOCK HAVEN, PA.

A destructive fire broke out at Lock Haven on Monday night, originating in a stable between Jay and Grove streets in the rear of Main street. Before the fire was checked it had destroyed the store, ware-house and outbuildings of Messrs. Scott & Sons, with a large stock of general merchandize, the store of Wm. Seitz, furniture dealer. Mrs. Rouse's millinery store, Peter Beck's saloon, John Petrikin's dwelling house and the stables of Mrs. Raff, Alex Sloan, Mr. Kintzing and Mr. Berkenhower. The loss is estimated at $35,000. Owing to a failure of the water supply the fire department had the greatest difficulty in bringing the fire under control.

THE SUNDAY LAW.

Harrisburg, Sept 4.—In a test case yesterday Judge Pierson gave his decision in regard to transgressing the Sunday law; that the transgressors can be fined for each and every sale of cigars and merchandise during the day. This is believed to be the first decision upon this point in Pennsylvania. Under the English laws only one fine during the entire Sunday could be imposed. He also decided that a house having no hotel license can sell ice cream or any thing in the eatable line to citizens or transient eating. The prosecutions were brought by the Sunday League.

The Japanese census shows only three thousand criminals in a population of over thirty-three million souls.

Female physicians are popular in London, and strange to say they are especially popular with their own sex.

SCHOOL TAX NOTICE:—The taxpayers of Potter township are hereby notified that the duplicate of School-tax for the present year is in the hands of the undersigned. All such tax paid on or before December 1st 1874, will have an abatement of 5 per cent. Thirty days after said date there will be no abatement, and on all such tax remaining unpaid after January 1, 1875, there will be an addition of 5 per cent to the amount on duplicate, as prescribed by law.

S. M. SWARTZ,
Treas.

10 Sept 3 m.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS of Potter township will open on Monday October 19th, next.

10 Sept. 3-t. By order of the Board.

SOUTHERN TROUBLES.

The Lynching of Parish Officers Near Shreveport, La.

Shreveport, La., September 1.—Major A. F. Stephens, of De Soto Parish, who arrived here to-day, furnishes the following account of the Coushatta troubles, which is no doubt substantially correct. It seems that in Red River Parish, where the negroes are largely in excess of the whites, much apprehension and alarm has been felt by the latter on account of a threatened outbreak of negroes, instigated, as was generally believed, by Edgarton, Dewees, Twitchell, Howell, Willis, Holland, and others. The lives of several respectable white residents of the parish had been threatened by the negroes, and a few days ago Mr. Williams, a respectable citizen of the Third Ward of Red River Parish, was threatened with assassination by two notorious and desperate negroes near Brownsville, in the lower edge of the parish, he having been fired at by them with shotguns.

On last Thursday night a small party of white men went to the cabins of these negroes with the view of arresting and lodging them in jail, when they were fired upon from a cabin, and one of the party was instantly killed. The negroes then attempted to run to the woods, when they were both shot and killed by the party attempting to make the arrest. On the next day (Friday) a large body of armed negroes then attempted to run to the woods when they were both shot and killed by the party attempting to make the arrest. On the next day (Friday) a large body of armed negroes, between three and four hundred in number, assembled near Brownsville, swearing vengeance against the whole white race, and declaring they would not leave a white man, woman, or child alive in the parish. This created great apprehension and excitement at Coushatta and throughout the surrounding country, and on Friday night the roads leading into the town were picketed. Two young men, Mr. Joe Dickson and Mr. Pickens, who were on one of the posts halted a negro who was coming into the town with a sack of buck-shot. He paid no attention to their command to halt, and ran off into the darkness, being fired at by one of the party, without effect however. Dickson and Pickens immediately went into town to report what had occured, and were returning to their post when they were accosted in the streets of Coushatta by Homer I. Twitchell and two notorious negro desperadoes, named Andrew Bosley and Bob Smith, all of whom were armed. They had a few moments' conversation with them, not of a violent nature, and had turned round to proceed to their post when they were fired upon twice by that party from the rear, without warning. Dickson was dangerously, if not mortally, wounded, and he now lies in a very critical condition. Mr. Pickens escaped unhurt. The firing party then ran off. Bosley and Smith escaping altogether, and Twitchell for the time being. That night and next morning T. S. Edgarton Homer I. Twitchell R A Dewees, W. F. Howell, C. Holland, and M. C. Willis, all white, besides a number of negroes, were arrested and placed under guard. All of the party who held office then voluntarily tendered and wrote out their resignations, and they with others voluntarily proposed if a guard were furnished them to Shreveport that they would leave the State and return no more. This was at once assented to, and the prisoners requested Mr. John Carr to take charge of the guard for their protection. On Sunday morning at 10 o'clock Mr. Carr, with a guard of about sixteen men, started with the above-named prisoners except the negroes released afterwards. A party of between forty and fifty, supposed to be Texans, who had come into Coushatta started in pursuit, with the avowed purpose of lynching the prisoners. Later in the day Mr. Carr was apprised of this fact, and put his horses and those of the prisoners to the top of their speed to avoid being overtaken. While nearing the Hutchinson plantation on Red River, some thirty miles below Shreveport, with the view of crossing there and destroying the flat-boat to prevent further pursuit, he was overtaken by the pursuing party. The guard were overpowered and the prisoners taken away from him, and three of them, Edgarton, Twitchell, and Dewees, were shot on the spot. The other three, Howell, and Willis, were carried back a short distance to near Ward's store, and there shot. The citizens in the neighborhood assembled yesterday morning and buried the parties who had been killed—the first three in a graveyard near Hutchinson's plantation and the last three on the spot where they had been killed near Ward's store.

INTRIGUES OF CUMMUNISTS IN ROME.

New York, September 2.—A letter from Rome says the Revolution now desires to set up the red Republic and the Commune and to play in Roome the pranks it played in Paris, and become bold enough to summon a congress, to be held at Terrara. On the second of August, there was a sort of caucus preliminary to this congress, held at Villa, near Rimini, and at this there were assembled twenty-eight leaders of the revolution from all parts of the Peninsula. The government marched a body of troops to Villa and surrounded it, and arrested twenty-eight Reds. They were searched and from papers found upon them, and from other information the government obtained a list of over two hundreds clubs of Red and Internationalists in the provinces of Ravena, Acons, Bologna and Ferrara. These clubs were all closed within the next few days, their papers seized and some of their members were arrested on the 9th and 10th. Acting upon information obtained from papers taken at Rimini, the government arrested three of the Internationalist chiefs at Forli, and thirteen at Florence.

DIABOLISM.

Jeffersonville, Ind., August 30.—A frenchman named August Isardang, who said he was from Seymour, Ind., while walking on the track of the J., M. and I. R. R., near Henneyville, Ind., at 10 o'clock last night, was attacked by three men. They took his pocket-book and $5, and then tied him on the track with ropes over a small culvert and left him. He succeeded in getting the ropes that held his body untied, but before he got those that held his left foot loosened an approaching passenger train was upon him. In that desperate moment he threw his body off the track, and the train passed over and severed the leg from the body. He fell into the culvert, but crawled out and lay there all night, and was picked up at an early hour this morning by Conductor waterhouse, of a passing freight train, and brought to this city, where he revived sufficiently to make the above statement, but relapsed and died at 9 o'clock a. m. There is no clew to the perpetrators of the crime.

FOUND AT LAST.

The Austrian Polar Expedition heard From—seven months' Sledge Travel—Two winters on the ice.

London, Sept 4.—The members of the Austrian Polar expedition, for whose fate grave fears were felt, have been heard from. They were shipwrecked and took to sleighs, in which they have succeeded, after a long journey, in reaching the Norwegian Island of Wardoe.

After abandoning their ship the party travelled for seven months on sledges, and two winters were passed on the ice. The highest point reached was in latitude 80. A large tract of land was discovered to the northward of Nova Zembla. The expedition arrived at Wardoe on a Russian boat. Only one death occurred during the entire voyage.

The first negro juryman ever drawn in Lehigh county will take his place in the jury box at the next week's court.

AFFAIRS IN SOUTH CAROLINA

Columbia, S. C. September 2.—At a meeting of the board of trade of Columbia this evening resolutions were passed denouncing the attempt of certain parties, and particularly of John J. Patterson, to create a false impression about the relations which exist between the white and colored people of this state. They declare emphatically that there are no signs of any danger of collision between them.

That these reports and attempts are disastrous to the prosperity of the people, and that whatever appearance of trouble may have existed was due to and directly traceable to colored men acting on the advice and suggestion of bad white men, who, for their own ends, are intent upon bringing about a rupture between the races.

They brand the statement that there is any danger of rupture as false, and ask the national authorities to cause an investigation to be made into the truth of the statements of Patterson and others made at Washington.

THE NEW GOLD COUNTRY.

Chicago, Aug. 27.—The publication of the results of Gen. Custer's exploration of the Black Hills country has excited as much interest here as in the East. Gen Forsyth's letter and diary have been widely read. In The Chicago Tribune of this morning he writes from Bear Butte, Aug. 15:

The two miners we have with us tell me that they found "color" in every pan of dirt they washed near Harney's Peak; that the diggings there in Custer's Gulch will pay $10 per day now; that they only had two or three days in which to prospect, as we kept moving so fast, but that, in their opinion, when the Eastern Hills are rightly prospected gold will be found there in abundance. I am inclined to think so, for the very roots of the grass would pan 5 cents to the pan in our camp near Harney's Peak.

There have been signs of a gold fever here as the consequence of these discoveries. Expeditions are now forming in this city and at different points in Iowa, Dakota, and Wyoming, to go to the new diggings. They have forgotten that these lands are secured as a reservation to the Sioux Indians, and that they have no right to enter them. Gen. Sheridan recalls this fact to their notice in an order published.

VICTOR HUGO AGAINST PEACE.

Paris, September 6.—Victor Hugo has written a letter declining an invitation to the Peace Congress at Gevena. He says peace cannot be established until another war has been fought between France and Germany. He points to the existence of the deep and undying hatred between the two countries, and declares the war will be a duel between the principles of monarchy and republic.

SPAIN.

More Desperate Fighting.

Bayonne, September 5.—According to Carlist advices, desperate fighting has been going on for three days between Castilo and Pobla in Catalonia, and the Republican losses are very heavy.

Madrid, September 6.—General Dominguez has arrived at Puycerda, after defeating the Carlists under Seballs. The Republicans suffered heavily, and the town is crowded with wounded. The Carlists were attacked while retreating Puycerda, and lost seven hundred killed and wounded.

ETNA IN ERUPTION.

Syracuse, Sicily, Sept, 2.—The eruption of Etna shows no signs of abatement. The inhabitants are fleeing from the villages at the foot of the mountain, but it is though no harm will be done. The direction taken by the lava streame is remote from the cultivated parts of the mountain.

DEEP SEA SOUNDINGS IN THE PACIFIC OCEAN.

The following dispatch was received at the navy department this morning.

Ounalaska, July 29—Hon. George M. Robeson, Washington: Arrived to-day. Shore line practicable. Deepest water four thousand and thirty fathoms, eighty miles from Agalton, next thirty-seven hundred and fifty-four fathoms, one hundred and twenty miles east of Kurile straits ridge, between Kurile and Aleutians least water found, seventy seven fathoms.

[Signed] GEO. E. BELKNAP.
Commanding U. S. S. Tuscarora.

Ounalaska is an island off the western extremity of Alaska.

BEECHER-TILTON.

New York, September 2.—The latest scandal news to day is that both Moulton and Tilton will still reserve important documents until the trial takes place, this being by advice of Ben Butler.

Mrs. Tilton returned to Brooklyn to-day and denies that she is seeking legal separation from her husband. Moulton arrived home to-day and his statement will probably be printed on Friday.

DROUTH IN TEXAS-NO RAIN FOR A YEAR.

Washington, September 2.—The collector of customs at El Paso, Texas, in a letter to the chief of the bureau of statistics dated August 17th, says: We have not had a drop of rain in this vicinity for 365 days. Everything is scorching hot and burning up. Many cattle have died of starvation.

From a recent scientific lecture we make the following extract:

One other peculiarity of flowers is explained if we take this view of the relations of insects to flowers. Many flowers close their petals during rain, which is obviously an advantage since it prevents the honey and pollen from being spoiled or washed away. Everybody, however, has observed that even in fine weather certain flowers close at particular hours. This habit of going to sleep is surely very curious. Why should flowers do so? Why should some flowers do so and not others? Moreover, different flowers keep different hours. The daisy opens at sunrise and closes at sunset, whence its name, Iday's eye. The dandelion (leontod or taraxacum) opens at 7 and closes at 5; arenani inbra is open from 9 to 8, nymphsa alba from about 7 to 4, the common mouse ear hawkweed is said to wake at 8 and go to sleep at 2; the scarlet pimpernel (anagallis arvensis) to wake at 7, and close soon after 2; while trogopogon pratensis opens at 4 in the morning, and closes just before 12 whence its English name, "John go to bed at noon." Farmers' boys in some parts are said to regulate their dinner by it. Other flowers, on the contrary, open in the evening. Now, it is obvious that flowers which are fertilized by night-flying insects would derive no advantage from being open by day, and on the other hand, that those which are fertilized by bees would gain nothing by being open at night. Nay it would be a distinct disadvantage, because it would render them liable to be robbed of their honey and pollen, by insects which are not capable of fertilizing them. I believe, then, that the closing of flowers has reference to the habits of insects, and it may be observed also, in support of this that wind-fertilized flowers never sleep and that some of those flowers which attract insects by smell emit their scent at particular hours; thus hesperis matronalis and cychins vesportina smells in the evening, and orchis bifolia is particularly sweet at night.

The consumption of the flesh of horses, mules, and asses is decidedly on the increase in Paris. Returns show that the flesh of 2,111 horses, asses, and mules was sold to the Parisian public during the first quarter of the current year, against 1,276 in 1872, and 980 in 1870.

The loss by the burning of the steamer River Belle, on Wednesday night, is placed at $75,000. The vessel was scuttled to save the hull.

SEVENTEEN ANIMALS BURNED TO DEATH.

Philadelphia, Pa., September 4.—At a late hour last evening, a stable in West Philadelphia, owned by Charles Lafferty, containing twelve mules and eight horses was totally destroyed by fire, only three of the animals being rescued. A large quantity of lumber, the property of the Keystone Bridge Company, was also destroyed. The fire appears to have been the work of an incendiary.

HALF OF A TOWN BURNED.

Berlin, Sept. 7.—There has been a very destructive fire in the town of Menningere. Half of the place was burned. The loss on buildings alone is estimated at 3,000,000 thalers. Upwards of 700 families have been made homeless, and there is great distress among the unfortunate people.

BEECHER PREACHES ANOTHER SERMON.

Twin Mountain, N. H., September 6.—Beecher preached to-day to another large audience, special trains bringing over a thousand hearers. His discourse was mainly historical, and no allusion was made in any way to the scandal, though at times, during his remarks, Mr. Beecher appeared very much affected, his voice faltering and his eyes filling with tears. At the conclusion of the sermon a collection for a poor widow with nine children was taken up, which realized one hundred and sixty-three dollars.

A PORT SUBMERGED.

Information has reached Brownsville, Texas, that the port of Brazos Santiago, situated on an island of that name thirty miles distant from that city, is entirely submerged. The houses, which are built of wood, are all floating off. The inhabitants, who number about fifty souls, have taken to open boats and their whereabouts is unknown. As the vast volume of water lying between Padre Island and the main land finds an outlet at Brazos, through the harbor of which, during a flood, it flows with irresistable force, fears are entertained that they have been carried out over the bar to sea.

London, Sept. 6.—A despatch from Shanghai reports that the difficulty between China and Japan, in regard to Formosa has been settled.

One thousand and ten Mennonites arrived at New York on Wednesday and left yesterday for Dakota.

General John E. Allison, a well-known citizen of San Francisco shot and killed himself yesterday. The cause of the suicide is unknown.

Jno. McNulty, of Detroit, died yesterday morning from the effects of poison taken under the supposition it was quinine, the result of a mistake of the druggist.

A private dispatch from Helena says that the entire business portion of Greenville, Mississippi, was destroyed by fire on Wednesday night. No particulars have been received.

Topeka, Kan., September 1.—A party of six surveyors from Lawrence, Kan., were massacred by Indians on Wednesday last, year Lone Tree, forty miles south and twenty miles west of Fort Dodge.

A dispatch from Fort Worth says: There were one hundred and fifty Indians this side of Jacksboro on Friday night last. They had stolen many horses and were making their way back to the reservation.

Judge Blatchford, of New York in a bankrupt case, gave a decision on 4th to the effect that when the assets of a bankrupt fail to reach fifty per cent. of the claims proved against the estate he cannot have a discharge unless by consent of a majority in number and value of his creditors; in accordance with the provisions of an act of 1868, which the Court hold has not been modified by subsequent legislation.

The German fleet of observation on the Spanish coast has come into collision with the Carlists at Guetaria, where the German vessels were fired on by coast batteries and returned the fire by shelling the town.

A Madrid newspaper announces three unsuccessful attacks by the Carlists on the Government garrison at Castro-Urdiales. Carlist advices of the same date, by way of Bayonne, report desperate fighting in Catalonia and heavy republican losses. A republican victory under General Dominiguez at Seballs is announced from Madrid. The Carlists were pursued to Puigcerda and lost 700 men.

Serious disturbances occurred in France, September 4, the anniversary of the proclamation of the republic at Paris in 1870. At Meze, in the Department of Herault, the gendarmes fired on the rioters, killing and wounding nineteen. Disturbances occurred elsewhere, but to a less serious extent, though at Lyons several arrests were made.

The defeat of the Grant party in Vermont is really more gratifying to Democrats than any victory we have won during the present year. For Vermont was the Radical Nagareth out of which, it was believed, nothing good could possibly come. Not only was Poland, the Credit-Mobilier whitewasher and champion of the press-gag law, very badly beaten, but the Democratic State ticket came very near being successful. The Democrats have elected fifty-six members of the House, where they had only twenty-two last year, and we are now told that at least fifty of the so-called Republicans elected have more sympathy for the Democrats than for the Grantites.

At Harrisburg on 3rd, in the case of the Commonwealth vs. George O. Evans, the Court refused to grant a discharge for Evans on the ground that the insolvent laws of Pennsylvania did not extend to debts due the Commonwealth. Which means that Mr. George O. Evans will be kept in jail.

The State Auditor of Minnesota has pocketed $100,000 of the School funds of that State. We need hardly say that he is a Radical, and is spending his money freely in behalf of that party's success.

MARKETS.

Produce.

New York, September 5.—Flour quiet and unchanged. Wheat less active and irregular; $1 12@1 15 No 3 spring; $1 15@1 18 No. 2 Chicago; $1 18@1 20 No. 2 northwest; $1 23 No. 2 Minnesota $1 23@1 24 No 2 Milwaukee. Rye quiet, new 88@94c. Barley dull and unchanged. Corn less active and scarcely so firm, prices unchanged. Oats less active and less firm, mixed western 56@62c. White do 62@63c. Coffee unsettled; rio 15@19c. gold. Sugar active 8½@8¾c. Lard dull and heavy, refined steam 14¼c. Butter—prime steady, other grades heavy, western 22@30c.

Chicago.

Chicago, September 5.—Flour dull and unchanged; extra spring $4 55@4 88. Wheat dull and market unsettled; No. 1 Chicago spring $1; No. 2 do 94¼c spot; 93½c, seller September; 92c seller October; No. 3 do 91@94½c; rejected 84@85c. Corn in fair demand at low rates, market unsettled; No. 2 71¼c cash; 71c, seller September; 71¼c, seller October; high mixed 72½c; rejected 71@71¼c. Oats dull and unsettled; No. 2 44½ cash; 44c, seller October; rejected 41½@41¾c. Rye—demand active and prices advanced; No. 2 81@85c. Barley steady and in moderate demand; No. 2 92@96c cash; 92½c, seller December; No. 3 79c. Timothy seed $2 50. Provisions quiet and unchanged in every respect.

BELLEFONTE MARKETS.

Wheat \$1 15 Red 110.....Rye..... 80.....Corn 80 ....Oats 45.....Barley 80. 70.....Clo'erseed 4,50.....Potatoes 60 Lard per pound 8.....Pork per pound 06 Butter 20.....Eggs 15. .....Plaster per ton $14 Tallow 6.....Bacon 10.....Ham 15. Lard per pound 8 cents.....Buck wheat 65 cts.....Flour per barrel retails, 50... wholesale 7,25 to 7,50

CHINA AND JAPAN.

FORMOSAN COMPLICATIONS LIKELY TO END IN WAR.

Hong Kong, July 25.—It is now a matter of certainty, so far as any event which has not happened can be certain, that the present complication of affairs between China and Japan will eventually lead to war. The advent is slow but shure. Only one thing can prevent a prolonged and desperate struggle between these two Eastern powers, and that one thing is the peacable evacuation of the Island of Formosa by the Japanese—an island which China believes or maintains to be an integral portion of their empire. There is absolutely no valid reason why the Japanese troops should not abandon Formosa. The object which their Government professed to wish to obtain has been accomplished. They have chastised the savage islanders and avenged the outrages perpetrated upon Japanese subjects. Japan has nothing to gain by a prolonged stay on the "beautiful isle." But it is evident that her policy in this affair tends to annexation. She has coveted the garden, and a reasonable pertext having been afforded her for taking possession of it, she is loath to relinquish it. The reports from Formosa state that the troops are encamped in military villages, which are marvels of neatness and order, thus indicating a protracted residence, and that the future of Formosa under Japanese rule is openly commented upon. The island is to be colonized, planted with cotton, cultivated, and civilized by Japan. But there is one drawback. The prospect is not altogether satisfactory to the Chinese mind. The court at Peking, through its provincial viceroys, is steadily but slowly working—"making haste deliberately"—to put itself into a position to crush, as it thinks, once and for all, the all impertinent Japanese encroachments. The Chinese Government is well aware of the immense latent resources of the empire, which it knows to be more than equal, if brought out, to the utter annihilation of Japan. It has learned a lesson from its few brushes with the Europeans. China is purchasing guns and ammunition, and in a few months' time, unless Japan withdraws—a supposition most unlikely to be realized—Formosa will be the scene of a struggle between the forces of the two most powerful nations of modern Asia, armed with fire-arms and war implements of the latest European patterns and patents. I have conversed with Chinese mandarins, civil and military of all grades, and am assured that China means to have revenge. I am justified in predicting that a war must break out. It may be to morrow, it may be in six or twelve months' time—it will be when China is ready. America has an interest in the result, whatever it may be, and so have England and the European nations who have relations, commercial or political, with the hostile powers. Then probably some cause of rupture with one or other, or perhaps all, of the Western powers will follow. The result of any contest which might take place between either China or Japan and any such power as America, Great Britain, or Russia is so certain that to speculate upon it would be mere folly. And yet some such contest in the not very remote future is not at all improbable, nor far from impossible. *Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus* is a proverb applicable, perhaps, to the parade and circumstance with which Japan "made war on Formosa."

REPUBLICAN ECONOMY.

Among other things the republican party propose to go before the people with in the approaching canvass is the cry of ecomomy. We copy the resolution of the Lehigh county republican convention on this subject and the spirited comment of the Allentown Democrat:

Resolved, That we congratulate the state and county on the economy, integrity and efficiency with which the state and national governments are now administered.

"Economy!" Where do you find it. Mr. Dawes, the leader on the republican side in congress, in his speech in the house last winter, declared, and there was no one there to deny it, that the national expenditures had suddenly risen from $290,000,000 to $319,000,000 per annum. This increase of $29,000,000 in a single year doesn't look much like the "economy" and "efficiency" spoken of in the above resolution. Nor do we see it in the increase of salaries of officials. President Grant not only signed the act of Congress which increased the salaries of the President, Supreme Judges and members of Congress, but he also actively *bored* in the Senate and House of Representatives for the passage of the said bill, by which his annual salary was increased from $25,000, as formerly, to *fifty thousand dollars* per year. Then, too, when such men as Shunk, Bigler and Packer were Governors, with a democratic legislature to assist them, we had no such reckless extravagance. *Then* the Governor's salary was 3,000. *Now* $10,000. *Then* the Governor's messenger received $400. *Now* $1,200. *Then* the state librarian's salary was $600. *Now* $1,800. *Then* we had no house messenger, the deputy door keeper performing the messenger's duties. *Now* we pay to this *new* officer $800. *Then* the deputy secretary of the commonwealth received $1,200 a year. *Now* $2,500. *Then* we had no pages in either house. *Now* about seventy-five! *Then* the public grounds about the capital were cared for by an old man for $300 a year. *Now* we pay for the same duty $8,000. *Then* our governor rented a house to live in and paid the rent out of his $3,000 salary. *Now* we provide a $60,000 house for the Governor and make a yearly appropriation for furniture amounting to more than the Governor's former salary. *Then* to inaugurate a Governor it cost some $300 or 400. *Now* $4,000 or $5,000. *Then* when an ex-Governor died he was buried at the expense of his family. *Now* to bury an ex-Governor it costs the people between $4,000 and $5,000. [See last Auditor General's report concerning the funeral of ex Governor Geary.] Away with such "economy." The people want no more of it! How do our hard-fisted farmers, our laboring men and mechanics, who have lately had their wages reduced to less than living rates, relish seeing their hard earned money fleeced from them in the manner above shown, and then on top to read such a deceptive resolution as that at the head of this article? Let them answer at the polls in November.

Nebraska politics are becoming complicated. Four State Conventions have been called, and now a fifth one is demanded by an organization calling itself the People's party. It will be held on Sept. 7. Nebraska voters will be very fastidious if, when election day comes, they are unable to find a ticket which suits them.

James Tracy, an old and respected citizen of Butler, died on Saturday evening last, in the 78th year of his age.

Democrats everywhere should profit by the timely hints suggested by the Altoona Sun and at once go to work. It says:

It will now be for the Democratic party to effect a thorough organization in every county of the state—not only in every county but also in every city, borough ward and township. Without this we have no good ground to expect success, but with it and an honest election we confidently anticipate an old-fashioned Democratic victory. Our political opponents are all under a most rigid discipline and can bring every voter belonging to their party to the polls. We must "go and do likewise" if we would enjoy a triumph.

A Few days ago Mr. Lewis McConnell of Morris township, Washington county, drove his team and a wagon load of barrels over an embankment seventy five feet high into a milldam. The horse and driver escaped serious injury and the wagon was but slightly broken. A thick fog caused the accident.

On Sabbath last the house of Mrs. A. W. Shannon at Blacklick station, Indiana county, was burglarized of $75 in money and a number of valuable articles.

IN THE ORPHANS COURT of Centre county.

In the matter of the Estate of Daniel Ammerman dec'd. The undersigned an Auditor appointed by said Court, to distribute the money in the hands of the Administrator and to hear and determine the legal rights of all persons interested in said estate, will attend to the duties of his appointment on Saturday the 2nd of October 1874, at 10 o'clock of said day, at his office in Bellefonte, when and where all persons interested are requested to attend

C. W. BOWER,
sept 10 6t. Auditor.

H. ROSSMAN,

Undertaker.

The undersigned begs leave to inform his patrons and the public generally that he is now prepared to make COFFINS and respectfully solicits a share of their patronage. Funerals attended with a neat Hearse. HENRY ROSSMAN.
3 sept 4m. Churchville.

TEACHERS EXAMINATIONS where not already past will be held as follows, (commencing at 9 a. m.):

Haines—Aaronsburg, Tuesday, Sept 1.
Harris—Boalsburg, Friday, 4.
Ferguson—Pine Grove, Sat. 5.
Potter—Centre Hall, Tuesday, 8.
Wal

Farm, Garden and Household

Irrigating a Meadow.

The plan generally pursued in Pennsylvania, says a farmer, is as follows: The stream is banked smooth and level, and a gate is put at the lowest part of the stream, so that the water may be raised until a thin sheet of water flows over the bank and down the slope. At the point where the flow of water is exhausted and absorbed by the soil, a ditch is made parallel with the stream above. This is made perfectly level and smooth, with smooth banks for the water to flow over. When the upper portion of the meadow has been sufficiently watered, one night's watering being generally sufficient (the water should never be turned on during the day, unless it is cloudy), the water is turned into the second channel, either through an open water-course or underground pipes, at the upper end of the field. The second section is thus watered. The whole field is divided into sections in this manner, until the bottom is reached. At the foot of the field there should be a ditch for drainage purposes, of at least three feet deep, to carry off superabundant water and prevent any stagnant water from accumulating in the soil. This manner of laying out the field, offers no obstacle to a mowing machine. The water-courses are to be made seamately straight and smooth upon the edge, not over eight inches deep, is possible, and 12 to 18 inches wide; they should be sloped evenly, so that the mower, if need be, may be driven across one of them gently without any jar or injury. Stock should never be permitted to go upon the field; even calves or sheep will, by choice, rather walk in the ditches than anywhere else, and they will soon break down the banks and spoil the edges. The above is the perfect plan. There are not many meadows that are as perfectly laid out as they might be, or as is here described, and there are some that have been laid out well and carefully that have been neglected, the ditches have become filled up, and cattle have been pastured upon them, yet they are still watered regularly, but only with partial success. But there are a large number upon which this system has been adopted imperfectly or partially, and some of these cut two or three tons of mixed timothy and red-top hay upon the watered portions year after year, without manure. There are, however, a much larger number of farms still to which this method of irrigation might be applied, if the owners only had energy enough to make the most of the opportunities they possess. The grass usually sown upon these meadows is timothy, and frequently clover is sown with it. When the watering is excessive, or where the meadow is neglected, red-top and some coarse grasses gradually work in; but if properly treated, the timothy preserves its hold upon the land, and lasts indefinitely.

Freezing to Destroy Insects.

We have over and over again stated to our readers that the time and expense often bestowed upon turning up the ground in the fall, in order that the frost may have a chance to penetrate deeper and destroy insects, is money thrown away, as they are so constructed that in the severest weather the frost does not penetrate their cases and freeze their juices, unless in some way their vitality is impaired. TLere are, however, people in the world who do not believe this, and so give annually time they can badly spare to these futile efforts at insect destruction.

A recent number of the monthly report of the Department of Agriculture tells of some of these faithful people, who will, under no circumstances, give up an old tradition, unless absolutely driven by the most bare-faced facts. These a Missourian provided for them. He lived in a country good for grasshoppers. He got a quantity of earth, had it frozen through and through, and then placed in boxes by the side of a stove. In a few weeks young grasshoppers appeared in abundance.

Still, this fact is no stronger than many we have given; and there will, no doubt, be people who will believe frost will destroy these insects in this way for hundreds of years yet to come. —*Forney's Press.*

Cheese Factory Rules.

Dr. L. L. Wright, of Oneida county, N. Y., sends to the patrons of his factory the following "suggestions for the season of 1874," which are good for all times and hence are published here and now:

1. Milch cows should have free access at all times to good running water.

2. They should never be heated by being run, stoned or dogged.

3. The utmost cleanliness should be observed in milking, and by no means wet the hands in the milk while milking.

4. No can of milk should stand where it will absorb the barnyard or stable odor, or other scent.

5. The milk should be strained and well aired immediately after having been drawn from the cows.

6. Some arrangement must be quickly and effectually cooling is at all times very desirable, and when the milk is kept at home over night, is indispensable.

7. Scalding all vessels used about milk at least once a day with boiling water, and rinsing them with cold water at night, is essential.

8. Keeping the strippings at home is morally and legally as bad as watering.

9. The milk should be sent to the factory as soon after milking as possible.

How to Tell a Goose from a Gander.

In sorting out a flock of geese for home breeding or to make sales, it is often difficult to distinguish the males from the females. An exchange thus delineates the difference:

"The goose has always a feminine appearance and the gander the opposite. Her head is smaller and her beak shorter; knot on forehead smaller and not so pointed; her neck shorter and more delicate; the black streak on back of neck not so high; colored ring around head not so bright; her neck comes out of her body more abruptly (this is occasioned by her having a larger breast than the gander), giving a square appearance to the body. The voice of the gander is keener and louder; coloring around the head more brilliant; eyes keener and always on the lookout. With such marks plain to view, any practical goosenan can readily distinguish one from the other."

An Improvised Hen Coop.

A lady who has a "handy man" in her employ, asked him to make a hen coop for some temporary use. In about five minutes he came round and said he had made one. And so he had. He had taken the hoops all off the end of an empty flour barrel, which had already lost the head from the same end. Then putting the strongest of these hoops inside the staves, and straining them apart, until the ends of the hoop merely lapped a little, he put a tack through the lap and the stave, and with two or three other tacks through the hoop in other places, he had a good, airy coop ready for use.

To Destroy Ants.

There are many ways of destroying ants. The most effective is to find the nest and deluge it with boiling water in the night, when the ants are at home. Others advise to fill the nest with a mixture of hay or moss in sweetened water, and place them around the garden in places where they run, and when they have gathered into the balls, to plunge them into hot water, then set the balls again. Ants are fond of sweets, and may be trapped readily in many ways by the use of molasses or sugar.

Grain Weevils.

Barns are not readily freed from weevils on account of the difficulty of reaching all their hiding-places. But granaries are more easily rid of them. The walls and floors should be washed with boiling water or potash lye, and every crack thoroughly explored with a stiff broom dipped in it. Then the walls should be whitewashed with a thick coat, put on while hot. The windows should be covered with fine wire gauze to keep out all insects.

Grandma.

She is lying fast asleep
In her Sunday cap and gown;
Bells are tolling loud and deep,
In the town,
Sunny field and sunny wood,
Are so quiet and so fair,
That the bells seem almost rude,
Echoing there.

Overhead is naught but blue;
All so still that Jem and I
Wonder if 'tis Sunday, too,
In the sky.
Circled near us, hushed and bowed,
Hearing prayer, the neighbors stand,
Jem and I creep through the crowd,
Hand in hand;

And we hear the pastor say,
With raised eyes and earnest face,
"Death, like sunshine, floods our way
With God's grace."
Grandma does not hear, or stir—
Only lies there with a smile;
Nothing seems to trouble her,
For the while.

Her grey hair is smoothed away
Underneath her cap's starched band,
And she holds a white bouquet
In her hand.
After song and prayer are done,
She is shut from warmth and light,
Carried forth through shade and sun,
Out of sight.

Jem and I would follow her,
But the pastor tenderly
Lifts us, while the bells yet stir,
To his knees;
Comforts us with words of cheer:
"Little ones, you must not cry;
You can go to her from here,
If you try."

And Jem whispers very low,
As the pastor turns away,
"Did he say that we might go
Any day?
Well—you see the road they took—
Heaven is pretty near I know;
Get your hat from off the hook,
And we'll go."

A QUIET HOUSE.

"Dear me!" sighed Mr. Turmoyle, as a burst of shrill, childish laughter sounded from the nursery down the hall-stairs and into the sitting room, where he was making out some accounts. "I wish those children ever would be quiet! Ain't it bed time Tillie?"

"They are probably undressing," Mrs. Turmoyle replied, quietly. "I will go up and see if they are ready for bed."

"Do keep them quiet until they are!"

There was an interval of profound silence, and in about half an hour the mother returned.

"They are all asleep now," she said. "Tom had dressed the kitten in Bessie's doll's clothes."

The accounts finished, Mr. Turmoyle leaned back in his chair.

"I wish you had some management with those children, Tillie," he said. "I went over to Stone's on business last evening, and you would have not known there was a child in the house. And Stone has five, while we have only three."

"Perhaps they were abed."

"They were all in the next room," was the triumphant reply. "Stone is proud of them, and well he may be. There is Willie, just the age of our Tom, studying Latin instead of dressing kittens in doll's clothes. And Amy, who will not be three years old for three months, reads well, and knows the multiplication table through! Look at our young savages!"

"They are getting along well at school, dear. I think Mark is too young yet to study. The others did not go to school till they were five."

"And Tom just manages to write a decent letter at twelve, while Willie is at Latin grammar. And as for manners, why Tom will make more noise alone, than Stone's five, all put together."

"Mrs. Turmoyle, being a woman of sense, did not continue the argument, but mentally resolved to see Mrs. Stone the next day, and talk with her about the wonderful secret of having five children and a quiet house.

"I am sure I can't do it!" the gentle loving mother thought, with a sigh.

Seated the next morning in close conversation, the ladies presented a contrast as marked as the atmosphere of their houses. The tiny blue-eyed little woman, who had no heart to suppress Tom's merry whistle, or Bessie's silvery laugh, had left a home where constant care only secured cleanliness, and where childish disorder was manifest everywhere but in the best parlor. She looked at the tall, dark-haired matron opposite her, noted the exquisite morning dress, faced with light silk, spotless and unrumpled, and thought regretfully of the marks of ten chubby fingers upon her own, printed there when her boy baby, her darling Mark, had just succeeded in forcing a piece of his "sweetest candy" into mamma's mouth. She noted the dainty order of the sitting-room, where every chair stood primly in its appointed place, and not even a thread rested upon the carpet, and remembered Mark's stable made for his 'spress cart and horses under the lounge, and Bessie's "keep-house," the lower shelf of the bookcase. Visions haunted her also of snippings of paper, bits of string, and odds and ends of doll's finery, upon the table.

Drifting from one scrap of matronly talk to another, the ladies came naturally to the care and management of children, and Mrs. Turmoyle complimented her neighbor upon the appearance of her house and the proficiency of the little ones.

"I cannot understand how you accomplish it," she said, frankly.

"By system," was the reply. "The education of my children begins, I may say, in their cradles. As soon as they can walk they have their own proper place in the room, and are trained to perfect silence when older persons are present."

Mrs. Turmoyle thought of the noisy chorus of shouts, the eager recital of the day's pleasures or accidents that greeted papa, aunties or uncles in her own nursery, and wondered if Tom, Bessie and Mark could be trained to sit quiet in one place for hours at a time.

"At two years of age I teach my children their letters, and after that they are sent to school. All of them were entered at three years of age at a private school, and at five at a public one. In the intervals of school hours my boys have geographical puzzles, spelling names, and problems, and my girls are taught sewing."

"But when do they play?"

"Their puzzles and games are sufficient amusement for the boys, and I allow the girls to cut and fit clothes for a large wax doll."

"But do they have any hours for running, balls, kites and out-door play?"

"I disapprove entirely of out-door play. It ruins clothing, and makes children rude. They have out-door exercise in a long walk to and from school."

As she spoke the hall-door opened quietly, and a fall of soft footsteps crossed the hall to the dining-room door. Five children, three girls and two boys, came in with languid footsteps, and with pale faces, from which all childishness seemed stricken. Spotlessly clean, with shiny hair and polished boots, they followed in orderly fashion the lead of the eldest, who stood before his mother, waiting for permission to speak.

"Well, my son?" she said, quietly.

"There is no school this afternoon. The senior class is to be examined," he said, wearily.

"No school! Very well, I will set you some sums after dinner, and find you some words to study in the dictionary."

Silently the five sat down until the visitor departed, uncomfortably conscious of ten weary eyes, and five pallid, pinched faces.

Crossing her own doorway, Mrs. Turmoyle was greeted by a merry duet.

"No school! No school!"

Then the tenor solo.

"Won't you make some bobs for my kite, mamma? There's a splendid wind!"

Followed by a sweet soprano.

"And Oh, mamma, you promised the first holiday you would trim my doll's bonnet."

"I ant a kite, too!" struck in Mark.

"Oh, let me get my breath!" cried the little woman. "Where is your hat, Tom?"

"Oh, I forgot," Tom said, sweeping it off in a profound bow. "Here, take this chair, and let me take your bonnet and sacque up stairs. You are tired. Never mind the bobs, if you are very tired."

"I'll help make them," said Bessie, "And I'll go watch Tom, mamma, if you don't feel like making the bonnet."

"We'll see, after dinner," said Mrs. Turmoyle, looking from one rosy face to the other, marking the sturdy limbs and dancing eyes. To be sure, the hair of all three must be reduced from a state of rebellion before they were presentable at table, and soap and water were pleasant suggestions in the maternal eyes. There was perfect health and happiness, if the voices were shrill and the boots noisy.

"I've been to see Mrs. Stone," she said, when, washed and combed, her children gathered around her to wait for pappa and dinner, "and I wondered if I could make my children as quiet and as orderly as hers are!"

"Willie Stone is a milksop!" said Tom, contemptuously, "always crying because his head aches. He can't play anything, and daren't move for fear of spoiling his clothes! Wouldn't play foot-ball for fear he would get dust on his boots. There's a nice boy for you! He might just as well be a girl at once."

"And, mother, the teacher had to write a note to Mrs. Stone the day John Gray spilled the ink on Maude's apron. She was so afraid to go home, it was awful. She said her mother would whip her, and keep her upon bread and water for a whole day. Mrs. Lee told her to say it was not her fault, but she said her mother would not believe her."

"Dinner! And here comes papa!" cried Tom.

Mr. Turmoyle came in with a very grave face. He made no comment upon the boisterous announcement of the holiday, but stopped to kiss the rosy faces with unwonted tenderness. After dinner he sent the children to the nursery, and said to his wife, who had anxiously watched his clouded face:

"Tillie, I met Dr. Holmes on my way home, and he tells me there have been three cases of scarlet fever from the school. It is raging fearfully, he says."

Mrs. Turmoyle turned very pale.

"In the school!" she murmured.

"Well, among the scholars."

There was little more to say, but the heart of each parent sent up a petition to a kind Heavenly Father to keep the plague from their door.

Yet it came. A week later Mark sickened, and in three days more all three were down. Tenderest nursing, loving care, and an unexpected docility of patients, brought the little Turmoyles safely out upon the road to health again. The most nauseous medicines were swallowed if "mamma" coaxed, and the most stringent rules were observed when papa was discovered to have tears in his eyes at Bessie's crib.

The day the children assembled in the sitting room for the first tea-drinking, was a gala day; but papa was observed to have a sad face.

"While we are thankful, dear children," he said, "for our own blessings, let us not forget to sympathize with the sorrows of others. Willie and Maude Stone were buried to-day, and Amy will be deaf for life. The others are still very ill!"

At bed-time, when the children slept the sound sleep of convalescence, Mr. Turmoyle came to the nursery where his little blue-eyed wife was laying out the morning's clean clothing.

"Tillie," he said, drawing the little woman close in his strong arms, "I had a long talk with Dr. Holmes to-day, and I cannot rest till I thank you for our unbroken nursery to-night. Next to God you have saved the children."

"I am sure you never spared yourself in nursing," said Mrs. Turmoyle.

"The nursing was the smallest part of it. Dr. Holmes says it was not scarlet fever that killed Stone's children, but their mother's 'system.' The fever found overtaxed brains, bodies weakened by want of exercise, tempers made sullen by a deprivation of all childish pleasure. They were nursed by 'system,' no allowances made for suffering or weakness; and the two that are gone but precede the two now dangerously ill. If they recover from the fever they will never reach maturity unless their mother sees her error. 'You may thank your wife's management for your own children,' the doctor said to me; 'there was something to build on in the sturdy frames of those young savages.'

Mrs. Stone could not see any fault in her system, though little graves attested its weakness. Her children, recovering from the fever, found no relaxation of home rule and listless, pale and dull-eyed, went back to the old routine.

Four years passed away, and Tom left his home for boarding-school, a gentlemanly boy of sixteen well up in his studies, and in perfect health. Driving home from the station, after starting him upon his journey, Mr. and Mrs. Turmoyle passed Mr. Stone's handsome house, prim and spotless, the garden a miracle of order, and no signs of busy little feet on walk or border.

"Poor Stone!" said Mr. Turmoyle, "he frets sadly for Amy."

"It was hard to lose her, the last of five," said Mrs. Turmoyle, "and she such a patient child, after losing her hearing."

"Too patient. There will be no need now of any 'system' in training. Five children, all under the sod: Oh, Tillie! Thank God we have not such a quiet house as the one we have just passed. Thank God for merry voices, clear laughter, noisy feet, and even the crying of our baby May! May he guard and bless our little ones, and give them health, good principles, and happiness, rather than give us the doubtful blessings of A QUIET HOUSE."

Tragedy in Wallachia.

A tragic affair occurred recently at Bucharest, Wallachia, arising out of legal proceedings for recovery of a debt. An old man, a Servian resident, owed a sum of money to a usurer, who, failing to obtain payment of his claim, went to law and obtained a writ against his debtor. When, however, he proceeded to eject the old Servian considerable difficulties "cropped up." The old Servian did not like to be ejected, and endeavored in the first instance to induce his creditor to grant him a respite. His request was ably backed up by his wife and children, but it was made in vain, for the creditor was inexorable. Annoyed at the refusal of his application, the old Servian somewhat hastily plunged a knife into the heart of the usurer, probably intending no harm, but imagining that usurers have no hearts. If the old Servian had simply contented himself with killing the usurer, perhaps little would have been thought of the matter, but unfortunately, on a bystander officially attempting to seize him, the old Servian, still further irritated, gave him also a mortal stab. Here the tragedy would probably have ended, but that the dying bystander, instead of forgiving his assailant in his last moments, was unchristian enough before he died to seize a great log of wood and knock the old Servian's brains out. The bystander then expired, and everybody concerned in the affair being dead, nothing remained to be done but to bury their bodies. The fate of the old Servian has excited general sympathy, and much indignation is expressed at the conduct of the usurer which has led to such deplorable results.

The brewers are substituting picric acid for hops, in their beer, because it is cheaper. It is a poison.

A FOUR-MILE RACE.

It is won by Fellowcraft, Making the Fastest Time ever Recorded in the World.

The present season has developed the fastest time on the race track ever made, and shows that great progress is made in the training of American horses. At the Saratoga course the great four-mile race was won by Fellowcraft, making the fastest time ever made. The race is thus described:

Three horses took part in the race, Wanderer, Fellowcraft, and Katie Pease. At the start Wanderer had a favoring lead, Katie being next to get off, while Fellowcraft seemed to wait to take a long breath. On reaching the first half-mile pole Fellowcraft had passed both his competitors, and was four lengths ahead of Wanderer, who was about the same distance ahead of Katie Pease. As they passed the grand stand at the end of the first mile, Wanderer and Katie were close together, while Fellowcraft was leading them by three lengths. In the second mile there was scarcely a perceptible change of position, and again they dashed past the grand stand in the same order, excepting that Fellowcraft had fallen back a little. Fellowcraft seemed as fresh as at the beginning of the race, and Wanderer showed no signs of fatigue. When about two miles and a quarter had been run, Katie Pease began to show signs of failing strength, and fell to the rear, responding to the efforts of her jockey, by tossing her head and tail impatiently. In the next half-mile Fellowcraft increased his lead to five or six lengths, and Katie Pease was four lengths behind Wanderer; and so the struggle continued, Fellowcraft forcing his pace with giant strides that seemed to defy competition. Turning into the homestretch on the third mile, Wanderer made a gallant effort and lessened the distance between himself and Fellowcraft to three lengths, but it was only a spurt, for in a short time Fellowcraft again increased his lead, and passed the stand after the third mile, four lengths and a half ahead, amid vociferous cheering. Katie Pease was six lengths behind Wanderer.

THE LAST MILE.

The three fleet flyers entered upon the last mile close together, the friends of each being about equally sanguine of success. The contest was watched with intense interest. More than 3,000 persons held French pool tickets, and $100,000 was at stake on the result. Katie Pease gains a little. She is overtaking Wanderer, and such a shout as her backers set up. Now they are running side by side. "Why don't she pass him?" exclaim at least five hundred in hopeful impatience. She gains a little—she is shoving ahead; but she has done her best, and the graceful, spirited, ambitious mare is evidently humbled as Wanderer leaves her to take care of herself. And now the friends of Wanderer, by clapping of hands and other demonstrations, attest the joy of their expectancy. Mean time Fellowcraft is throwing all his energy into his resolve to win the race, and he must do his best, too; for at the quarter-mile before the finish he is only a short length ahead of Wanderer, who is four lengths ahead of Katie Pease.

THE FINISH.

And now they come tearing down the home stretch. Neither of the horses is being urged. The race is too long for that, and yet each one is putting forth his very best efforts. If they were human they could not struggle harder for the victor's crown and reward. With their necks extended to the utmost and tails streaming straight out behind they bounded along the track, their feet seeming scarcely to touch the ground at all, so quick is the spring which sends them like arrows through the air. Katie has fallen at least thirty yards behind, and the struggle is between the two horses. Now Fellowcraft makes a spurt, and a few tremendous strides, just before the finish send him under the wire four lengths ahead of Wanderer, and the winner of the fastest and quickest four-mile race that was ever run in all the world. Time, 7:19¼, beating that of Lexington, Longfellow, Helmbold, and Harry Bassett, and making Mr. W. A. Lisell, the owner of the champion.

At the close Fellowcraft stopped almost instantly, seemingly thoroughly exhausted. Wanderer was much less knocked up, and Katie Pease was so fresh that she could have beaten both had there been another mile to run. Fellowcraft tickets in the French pools brought $12.50. each.

The Devastation in Action.

The great British ironclad Devastation, recently took part in a mock naval action. A London exchange has the following:

"All the men, from captain to the lowest grade, were under orders to be on board by 9 A. M. At 9:30 the drum beat to quarters, it being understood in the pilot tower, an enemy's ship had been sighted in the distance. The captain took his post within the shell-proof tower, and gave his commands through speaking tubes. The turrets were manned by their full complement of men, 24 to each gun, 11 taking inside and 13 outside position in working each. From the turrets down to the magazines, every trap-hole was manned. On the word being given to 'load guns,' the 700 pound shells were within a minute brought out, hoisted on the pulley carriage, ran down to the gun's mouth, and the gun loaded and run out. The distance from the enemy being given, the gun was raised to the proper level, and discharged within the second minute. The enemy, being supposed to have escaped, bore down on the Devastation, and boats put off to board her. The bugle sounded to arms to repel the boarders, when two-thirds of the men of the crew—comprising 100 men each division—flew to arms, and with swords and guns ran up to the boarding deck, the third division remaining below, to protect the magazines, and as a reserve. The boats being repulsed, it was supposed that the enemy had returned to their guns, and that a shell having burst, had set fire to the Devastation. On this three bells were rung, and the men were ordered to the hose. Four hose were set in operation on the sounding of the bugle, and the forepart of the ship was deluged with water, at the rate of about three tons per minute. The imaginary fire being got under, the bugle sounded to return to posts, the enemy's ship still approaching. The order was next given to 'ram' her. All the men returned to the breastwork deck, and, lying down with their heads forward, prepared for the shock. The imaginary enemy being pierced, the drum again beat to quarters, guns were reloaded, and after backing out from the supposed disabled ship, a broadside of four guns was poured into her. This act was supposed to have destroyed the enemy, and the bugle sounded to secure the guns. On the captain receiving reports that everything was secured, the bugle sounded dismissal."

A Shocking Death.

Later advices relative to the sad death of Mr. James Dickson, of Georgetown, at Fredericksburg, Va., show an instantaneous and horrible death. Mr. Dickson had been for some months visiting a Miss Kate Herkamp, in Fredericksburg, and they were to be married in October next. While returning from a visit with this lady, in a buggy, he handed the reins to her, saying: "Kate, you drive for a while; I feel so sick." She took the reins at once, when he fell forward, his head and the upper portion of his body overlapping the dashboard. The horse, with a loose rein, started off at full speed, kicking high at every jump, each blow taking effect in Dickson's head, the consequence of which was that by the repeated blows his head was made a shapeless mass, and literally scattered in portions along the road for over one hundred yards. Miss Herkamp, in her fright, jumped from the vehicle and was badly injured, and has been in a deranged state of mind ever since.

NEWS OF THE DAY.

Interesting Items from Home and Abroad.

The State Prohibition party's convention at Harrisburg, Pa., adopted a radical platform favoring prohibition of the liquor traffic, and nominated a State ticket.....The Independent party of Indiana adopted a platform and nominated a State ticket.....The Judges of the Supreme Court of Connecticut, being equally divided in the case of Mrs. Fanny E. Savage against the Traveler's Insurance Company, the former decision of the Supreme Court awarding $5,000 to the plaintiff, stands. This was a case of some importance. The company tried to show that Jesse L. Savage committed suicide in 1870, whereas he was probably murdered. His policy was $5,000, and his widow sued for $6,000.....Three citizens, named Conrad, Hughes, and Shropshire, of Arkansas, lost some horses. A trip to the Texas and Missouri borders developed that Bill Harris, a well-known desperado had stolen the animals. Harris was found secreted in a cornfield, and Randolph Harris, and Robert Skidmore, his accomplices, were also taken. They were escorted to Roseville, Sarber county, and placed in the town prison, guarded by eight men. About midnight the citizens of Roseville were aroused by a terrific volley of pistols and guns, some one hundred and fifty weapons being discharged. Hastening to the prison, it was found to be empty of its inmates, and none of the guards hurt. Mrs. Harris, wife of Bill, who had stayed by her husband during the night, was weeping. Morning dispelled the mystery. To a single limb of a tree, about one mile and a half from Roseville, Bill Harris, Randolph Harris, and Robert Skidmore were found hanging.

The following additional nominations for members of the U. S. Congress have been made: Gen. James A. Garfield has been renominated; G. D. Whitman, by the Anti-Monopoly Convention, Indianola, Iowa; J. H. Pickerell, by the Independent Reform Convention, Toledo, Iowa; A. E. Stevenson, by the Independent Reform Convention, Lincoln, Ill.; W. B. Anderson, by the Ninth Illinois District Independent Convention; Judge New by the Democrats of the Fourth District of Indiana; Philo Clark, by the Democrats of the Second District of Maine; Isaac Clements, by the Republicans of the Eighteenth District of Illinois.....T. J. Casson, by the Republicans of the Ninth District of Indiana; J. D. C. Atkins, by the Democrats of the Eighth District of Tennessee; Jere Haralson, colored, by the Radical Convention in Selma, Ala., on the 289th ballot; John Robinson, of Union county, by the Republicans of the Ninth Ohio District; S. W. Haywood, by the Democrats and Liberals of the Tenth Indiana District. The Hon. E. H. Hoar has declined to be a candidate from the Seventh District of Massachusetts.....The Cheyennes, Kiowas, and Comanches, seeing the preparations for war by the troops, have asked for peace.....Miss Jessie Pierce, Herbert Folts, and George Demond, of East Boston, were drowned at Centre Harbor, N. H., while bathing.....The men who went to Austin, returned, satisfied that the Austin riot was almost as much a fiasco as that at Somerville, and that the reports from there had been much exaggerated. During the entire disturbance only one negro was killed, and no white man even wounded. Only one store was sacked by the negroes during the time they had possession of the place. Seventeen of the leaders, or rather more boisterous ones, were arrested and confined in jail to await trial.....The statement telegraphed to the Chicago *Tribune* about the Pawnees having skinned a man alive near West Point, cannot be traced to any source beyond a country paper published at Fremont. Arrivals from West Point say it is a mere rumor, lacking confirmation.

The New York State Temperance Convention have called a convention of the temperance voters of the State who have not co-operated with a third party movement, to meet at Utica, September 23, at ten o'clock, A. M. It is to be composed of three delegates from each Assembly district.....At Saratoga, Gray Planet, Mr. Belmont's horse, made a mile in 1:46¼, the best time on record for a running horse.....A party of Spanish guerrillas, while reconnoitring in the mountains near Sancti Espiritus, encountered a band of twenty insurgents. A fight ensued, in which four of the insurgents were killed including Lieutenant-Colonel Manuel Sanchez.....A general improvement in the New England corn crop is reported during the last month.....Spain is about to put into execution the decree for the abolition of slavery in Porto Rico.....One hundred Mennonite families from Russia passed through Berlin on their way to the United States.....Marshal Bazaine is going to Brussels to live. France will make no demand for his extradition.....William Price, a mining boss in Gilroy, was sent on a search for Tom Collins. He was told that the noted myth had accused him of robbery, and the joke was so successful that he carried a revolver ready for shooting when he should meet the defamer. The wild goose chase was kept up all day, and at last he was told in a saloon that Collins had just gone into the back yard. At this time he became so excited that he unintentionally pulled the trigger and shot himself fatally.....The Democrats of the Ninth Congressional district of Tennessee have nominated W. H. Caldwell, of Weakley county, for Congress.

A special dispatch from a correspondent at Sioux City confirms the report of the finding of gold at the Black Hills, and says that the miners think the precious metal will be found in large quantities. Spotted Tail thinks the Custer expedition in violation of the Indian treaty, but is not disposed to fight about it. Bishop Hare thinks the Government will have the trouble of buying the lands of the Indians.....*Le Soir* reports that the investigation into the circumstances of Bazaine's escape shows that the director of the prisoner is gravely implicated, while the other officials are exonerated. The Milanese journals say that Bazaine has passed through that city on his way to the Chateau d'Ardemberg, Switzerland, the residence of the Empress Eugenie.....The bathing party who met with such a sad fate at Centre Harbor, N. H., was composed of six persons, three ladies and three gentlemen. Two ladies and one gentleman were saved, viz.: Miss Jessie Coe, Miss Lina Coe, and John Pierce. The others were lost.

A terrible attempt at double murder was made at Guelph, Ontario. A man named Hazel threatened to shoot his daughter, a girl of sixteen, if he found her again in male company. Being informed that she was with a man, he went out and shot the man and girl whom he supposed he was in search of, inflicting probably fatal wounds. On reaching them, however, he discovered to his horror that they were not the guilty pair, but another man named Hurley in company with a girl named Mary Calvin. Hazel then fled, and has not since been captured.....A shocking murder accompanied by torture, was perpetrated in Colfax county, Nebraska. A number of Indians, supposed to be Pawnees, camped near a homesteader's cabin, and two squaws went in search for food. They came to the house when the man was absent and went through it, in spite of the wife's remonstrances. Finally they attempted to take away the family provisions, to which the wife objected. The two squaws beat her over the head. Just then the husband came in, and seeing his wife wounded, took his gun and shot one of the squaws. The other squaw ran to the Indian camp and reported what had been done. Twelve of the Indians then entered the house, captured the homesteader, skinned him, cut his hands off and his heart out. This was done in the presence of his wife.

The Attorney-General of Arkansas has decided that it is the duty of the State Treasurer to recognize the Convention ordinance directing him to pay out of the sinking and school funds the money necessary to run the State Government with.....Ten thousand people are annually punished in England for violating the game laws, and there is a cry for reform.....Balances in the U. S. Treasury: Currency, $15,872,105; special deposits of legal tenders for the redemption of certificates of deposit, $59,970,000; coin, $70,648,700; including $31,894,000 in coin certificates; outstanding legal tenders, $382,000,000.....The Kentucky tobacco crop of 1874 is expected to be only 13 per cent. of the average annual yield.....The number of cases of small-pox in New York last week was twenty-three, against thirty-five for the previous week, a fact which does not by any means indicate that there need be fears of an epidemic.....At a recent election in the Choctaw and Chickasaw nations, I. T. Coleman Cole was elected Governor of the Chectaws and Frank Overton Governor of the Chickasaws. This is regarded as a triumph of progressive principles.....The recognition of the Spanish Republic by England, France and Austria is officially promulgated.

The Tennessee Democratic State Convention at Nashville, passed resolutions favoring a revenue tariff and declaring that the credit of the State must be maintained at any cost. Judge Porter was nominated for Governor.....The Democrats of the Twelfth Pennsylvania District have nominated the Hon. Hendrick B. Wright for Congress.....The Democrats of the Fifth District of Vermont nominated Homer W. Heaten, of Montpelier for Congress.....M. A. Candler, of De Kalb county, Ga., was nominated for Congress on the eighth ballot.....Oliver Curtis, while shooting at a dog near Dr. Berryman's farm at Corona Park, N. J., accidentally shot Laura Hutton, aged 5 years. The wound is fatal.....The son of Giles Roberts, of Ottawa, Ill., was bitten by a mad dog. A mad stone was applied to the bite, adhering closely. It was removed several times and placed in warm water, when a greenish scum would arise, until at last the stone would no longer adhere to the wound, no more scum would arise, and the poison was believed to be all extracted..... Five young men got off the train at Peekskill, N. Y., and hired Mr. Osborne, a boat builder, to take them to the steamer Wyoming. They urged Osborne to row up alongside the barge and put them on board. He did so, and his boat was struck by a fender on the barge and upset, and all were thrown into the water. A lad named James Kane, who was towing behind the Wyoming in a small boat, cut his boat loose and hurried to the rescue. He succeeded in saving Mr. Osborne and one of the young men. He says he saw two of the young men drown, being unable to reach them. The steamer did not stop, but moved on down the river. The excursion steamer was from Yonkers. The boy Kane says the struggles of the young men in the water were terrible to behold.....U. S. Secretary Fish declares that the story of a proposed cession of Porto Rico to Germany is without foundation and that the alleged dispatches are forgeries.

The Texas Legislature has passed an act granting a pension of $150 a year to the survivors of the revolution which separated Texas from Mexico, and $150 to such as are disabled by loss of sight or limb; the pension to be paid only to such as have not sufficient property for their support without the aid of the pension.....John Conway, a licensed vender, with his partner, John De Neyes, peddled peaches in Brooklyn. De Neyes in sport threw a peach at Conway, who was sitting on the wagon. It struck him in the eye, and from the pain and shock Conway lost his balance and fell to the pavement, fracturing his skull.....A bold attempt was made to rob the National Bank at Ansonia, Conn. Five masked burglars surprised and overpowered John Buckley, the watchman, while he was eating his lunch in the boiler room of a factory adjoining the bank, and after chaining him to a steam-pipe took the keys of the bank from his pocket and entered at a rear door. A small orifice in the stone vault was made by nitro glycerine, but the safe could not be reached, and the burglars left at 4 o'clock on a hand car, going down the Naugatuck road, and afterward took the 5:30 A. M., train to New York. There were only about $8,000 in the safe at the time. A number of jimmies and a bottle of nitro-glycerine were found near the bank.....Eldridge W. Reed, convicted last term in Bangor, Me., of murder in the second degree, for the killing of John Ray at Medway in 1871, has been sentenced to imprisonment for life.....The reported duel in St. James parish, New Orleans, between Dr. Charles Gray and Deputy Sheriff Richards, is confirmed. They fought with revolvers at a distance of fifteen paces. Both fell at the third fire, and both expired in a few minutes.

Much solicitude is felt for the safety of the Austrian Polar Expedition which has now been absent two years without having been heard from..... The dependence of France and England on foreign grain is materially lessened..... The managers of the great Chicago Exposition are very much encouraged at the prospects of the approaching exhibition.....A large number of settlers have been rendered destitute by the recent disastrous storm in the country around Quebec..... The town of Austin, Nev., was badly flooded by a cloud burst. No lives were lost.....A man has been arrested in Roubaix, France, for shocking cruelty. On searching his house the police found his two children, aged nine and five years, chained by their necks to the wall of an inner room. There was a loaf of bread and a pitcher of water near them. They were in a miserable condition, having been thus confined for some time..... The Pennsylvania Republican State Convention adopted resolutions claiming to be in favor of honest government, presented Governor Hartranft as a candidate for the Presidency in 1876, and voted down a resolution indorsing General Grant for a third term..... The Chinese Government has given Japan ninety days to withdraw its troops from the island of Formosa. In the mean time China is making extensive preparations for war with Japan, which, it is generally believed, will ensue.....It is reported that 700 ships, of 1,200 tons each, will be required to carry California's surplus grain crop to Europe.....An Italian, respectably dressed, was found in Bedford avenue, near Hayward street, with his throat cut and his body gashed with hideous stab wounds. He barely lived until he was taken to the Sixth Sub-Precinct Station. On his body being searched, a watch and chain, $25 in money, and three rings were found on his person. It turns out that the man was one of a gang of Italian counterfeiters, and that he was murdered by his comrades, the cause being fear that he would divulge their nefarious work.....John T. Morris, Deputy Sheriff of Collins County, Texas, writes a letter to the *Evening Despatch*, stating he killed a notorious character named Ames H. Reed, in Lamar County, Texas. Before dying Reed stated he was the leader of the band that committed the Iowa and Gad's Hill, Mo., train robberies, the Ste. Genevieve, Mo., bank robbery, and also asserted he robbed the Hot Springs, Ark., and Austin, Texas, stages, and had committed several similar robberies in Arizona, Nevada, California, and Oregon. He would not give the names of any of his confederates, but declared positively that neither Arthur McCoy, nor the younger of the James brothers had anything to do with these robberies.

Love and Law.

The Montpelier *Argus* gives the following as among the stories related by Judge C. K. Field at the centennial celebration at New Fane, Vt.: "By a strange perversion of legal principles, it was supposed by our ancestors that whoever married a widow who was administratrix upon the estate of her deceased husband, represented insolvent, and should thereby possess himself of any property or thing purchased by the deceased husband, would become an executor *de son tort*, and would thereby make himself liable to answer for the goods of his predecessor. Major Moses Joy became enamored of Mrs. Hannah Ward, widow of William Ward, who died in 1788, leaving an insolvent estate, of which Mrs. Ward was administratrix. To avoid the unpleasant penalties of the law, on the morning of her marriage with Major Joy, Mrs. Ward placed herself in a closet with a tire-woman, who stripped her of all her clothing, and when in a perfectly nude state she thrust her fair, round arm through a diamond hole in the door of the closet, the gallant Major clasped the hand of the buxom widow, and was married in due form by the jolliest parson in Vermont. At the close of the ceremony the tire-woman dressed the bride in a complete wardrobe which the Major had provided and caused to be deposited in the closet at the commencement of the ceremony. She came out elegantly dressed in silk, satin, and lace, and there was kissing all around."

THE CIRCUS.—Says Barnum to the Boston interviewer: "Last year I visited the big towns with the circus. Next year I shall have two sets of tents and fixtures, two sets of men, and travel by railroad. It will cost from $6,000 to $7,000 per day to do so, but it shall be done. While the exhibition is going on in one locality, my men will be engaged in the work of putting up the duplicate tent in another, and it will be only necessary to transport the performers and horses by railroad, leaving behind a force to take down the first tent and carry it further along the route ready to receive the exhibition again."

A diminutive hoodlum was arrested in San Francisco the other day, and on being searched, panned out one large-sized revolver, a box of cartridges, a seven-inch bowie knife, a paper of tobacco and a roll of cigarettes.

California's Biggest Nugget.

How much we owe to California! Her